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25 PIANO KEYS: 12 BANKS.

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55/- NOTHING MORE TO PAY!

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FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

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Send 1/6 NOW

Not a new watch, but an old and tried favourite, in a modern style, as supplied to members of Air Force, Army and Navy. 1/6 deposit secures this watch—non-magnetic, shock and vibration proof. Round Click spring prevents overwinding. Unbreakable glass. Silver or plain luminous dial as desired. Unfading Chrome case and Chrome nutcase adjustable bracelet. Not until this watch keeps time to a minute a month is it allowed to leave our model factory. Guaranteed 10 years in writing. Send only 1/6. Test for 7 days. If satisfied send 2/6 fortnightly until 27/6 is paid in all. Cash price 35/-. Ladies' solid silver model same price and terms.

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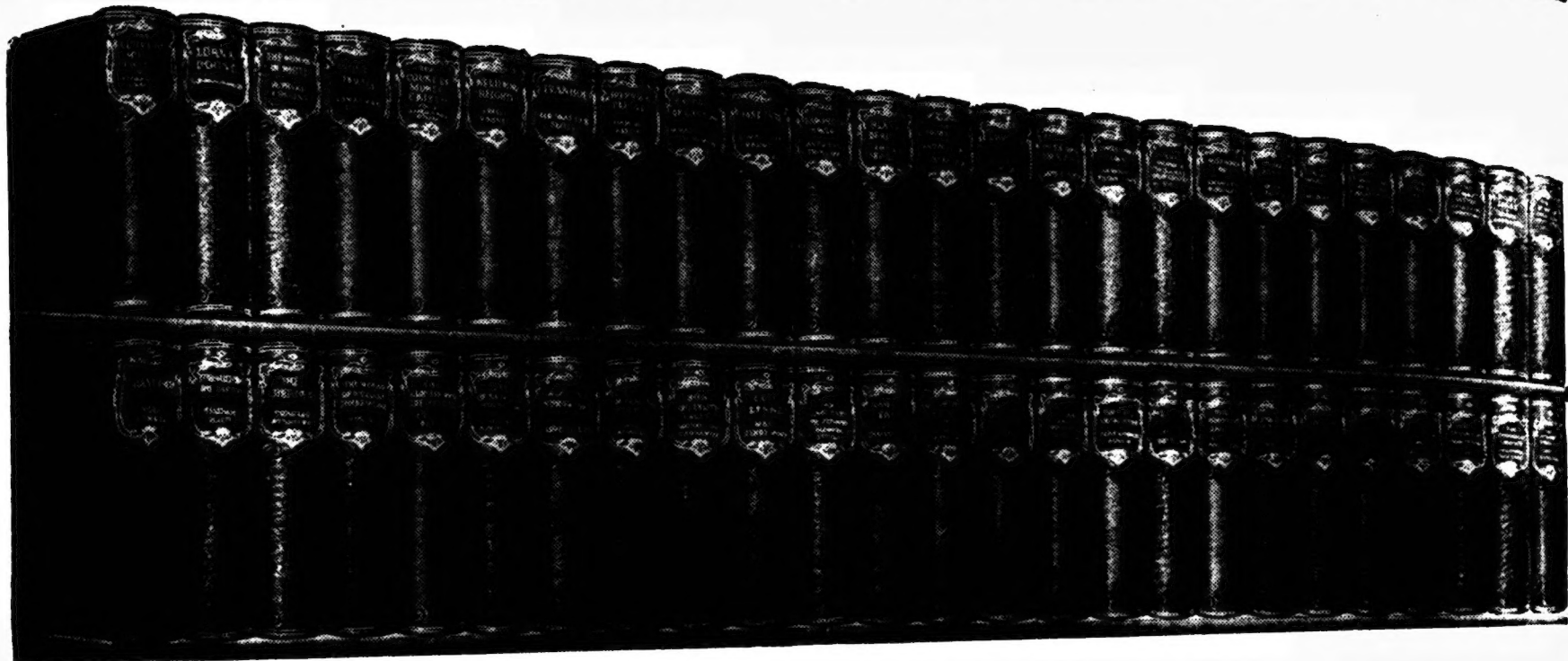
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Don Quixote (Vol. 2).....Miguel de Cervantes.
The Origin of Species.....Charles Darwin.
Little Women and Good Wives.....Louisa M. May.

SET 12.
The Diary of Samuel Pepys (Vol. 2).
David Copperfield.....Charles Dickens.
The Essays of Francis Bacon.....Edgar Allan Poe.
The Imaginary Legend.....Richard L. Evans.
The Pilgrim's Progress.....John Bunyan.

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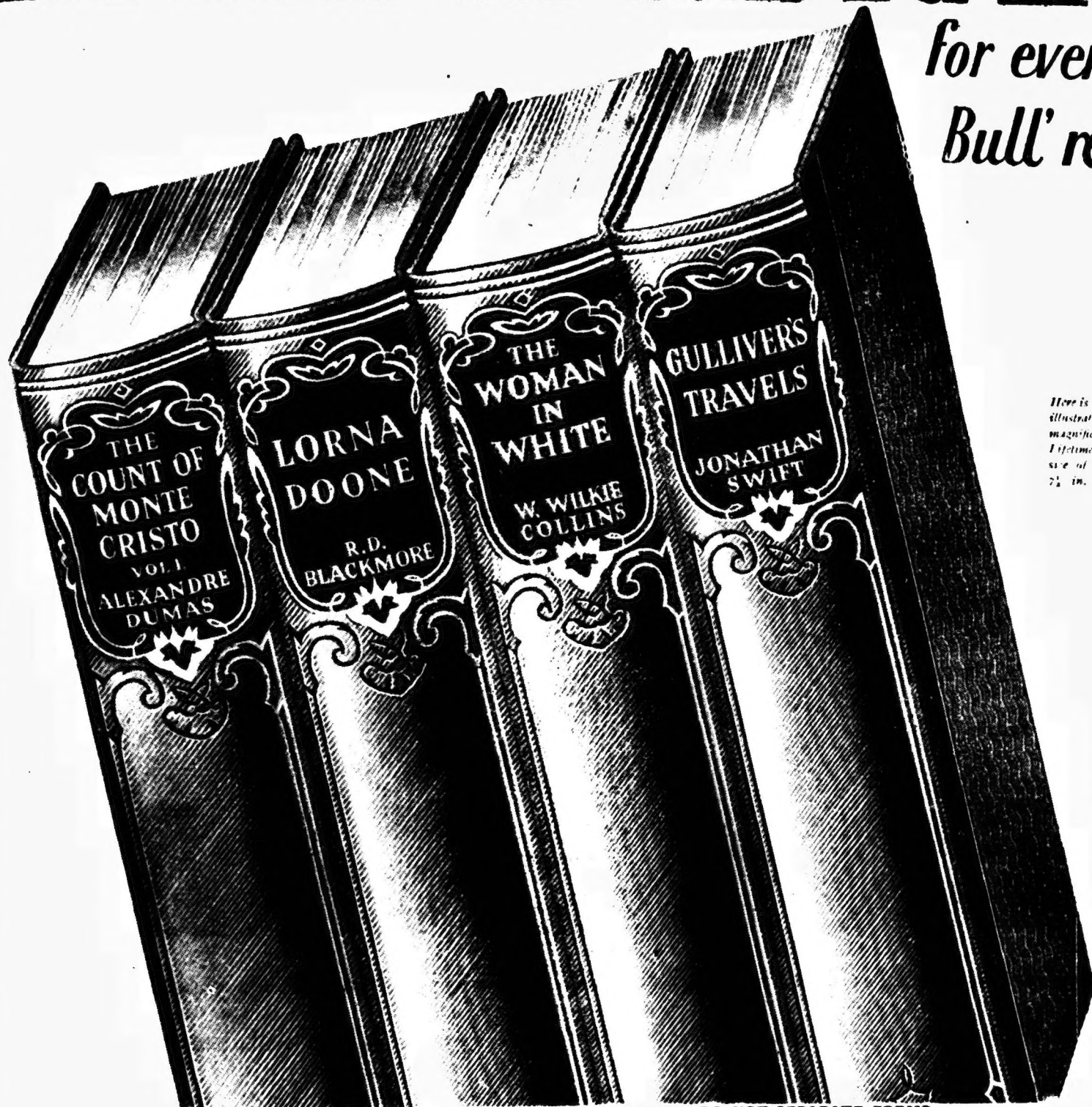
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DIPHTHERIA:

Warning to Parents

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY

For week ending Saturday, January 12, 1935.
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DIPHTHERIA, the fell scourge of childhood, is once more stalking abroad in the land—an epidemic this time of alarming intensity. And more virulent than ever before.

Beginning in the North a few months ago, it has spread South with amazing rapidity, and we consider it our duty to warn parents of the gravity of the menace.

To begin with, over 2,500 children and adults were on the sick lists suffering from diphtheria last week—more than double the usual weekly average.

Newly notifiable cases are increasing by leaps and bounds. The death-rate is also increasing out of all usual proportions because of the virulence of this new form of the disease.

According to Dr. Greenwood Wilson, Medical Officer to the Cardiff Corporation, if people affected by the germ are not treated within twenty-four hours fatal results are probable. Speedy recognition and treatment are essential.

A grave aspect of the situation is that it is no "pocket" epidemic. It is widespread throughout the country, falling on rural communities and large towns alike. There are particularly black spots, however.

THE West Riding of Yorkshire is one of the worst, with over 300 new cases a week, and the figures steadily mounting. At Leeds, doctors have been fighting the disease night and day for weeks past, with new cases on their hands increasing at the rate of more than twenty a day. All the available hospital accommodation is taxed to the utmost.

Sheffield is also badly hit with 60 cases a week, according to its last returns. Next comes the County of London with 337 notifications in a week, then the County of Lancaster with 289, including Liverpool with 84 and Manchester with 42. North, there is County Durham with weekly returns of 100, and in the furthest South, Essex and Glamorgan with 85 and 77 respectively. And so it goes on, all over the country.

The medical profession and the health services of the country can be relied upon to do their utmost to hold the epidemic in check, but they have a stern task in front of them. It is a sorry situation, made worse by the certain knowledge that it need never have arisen.

Diphtheria is a preventable disease.

A few years ago it was established after long experiment and research that it was possible to produce artificial immunity in human beings against the disease. In 1933 the Ministry of Health "advised" local sanitary authorities to make immunisation available to all children in their areas and to inform parents of the fact.

It should be noticed that the Ministry merely "advised." It put no statutory obligation on the local authorities to make the new method available and to "push" it with their inhabitants.

Some enlightened communities with go-ahead public health departments had already been offering free immunity long before the Ministry's memorandum appeared. Others then took it up, but many others did not.

According to the report last year of the Chief Medical Officer, only about half the Metropolitan and County Boroughs practise immunisation, and

WITHOUT
FEAR OR
FAVOUR



Diphtheria! A scene typical of hundreds which are to be witnessed in our streets to-day

it "has been employed in certain smaller sanitary districts" throughout the country.

Nothing can be added now to that vague estimate. The Ministry itself will not know how many communities are making use of the new treatment until next April, when reports come in from all the Medical Officers. The assumption is that less than half are doing so.

The reason for this reluctance of the authorities to urge more strongly the universal use of this life-saving treatment is not far to seek. They are afraid of the public prejudice that undoubtedly exists against vaccination and what is loosely termed "inoculation."

For that prejudice **JOHN BULL** has the greatest deference and respect. We certainly have no desire to push a particular medical fad or "ism." And we are, as our readers know, the first to resist anything that savours of a further encroachment on the freedom of public opinion, from whatever source it is inspired.

WE can, therefore, without fear or favour, urge our readers who are parents to consider with an open mind the results that have followed the use of the new treatment. At the same time we indict the Ministry of Health and apathetic local authorities for not placing the facts about immunisation more strongly before the public.

Here are just a few them: At Leeds, according to Dr. James Sharpe, the Deputy Medical Officer, no children immunised since 1928 by the city's Health Department have died. Out of nearly 7,000 who have been immunised during that period only twenty-nine are known to have since contracted diphtheria and then only a mild form of it.

In Birmingham 70,000 children have been immunised since 1925. Only fourteen cases have

occurred among those so treated during the eight years. Infection was also reduced. Total cases fell from 1,171 in 1930 to only 417 last year.

Acton, London, where 5,000 children have been immunised during the past two years, is practically free from diphtheria, whereas neighbouring boroughs are suffering heavily.

There is the highest medical authority for the efficacy of immunisation.

RECENTLY, to satisfy local enquiry and fears, Sir Ben Turner, Mayor of Batley, and past president of the Trades Union Congress, addressed a questionnaire on the subject to Lord Moynihan, the famous medical authority. The reply was that the immunisation of a large enough proportion of the population would stop an epidemic. Even if a treated individual caught the disease the severity would be much lessened. Sir Ben Turner was permitted to give the widest publicity to what he described as "this comforting message."

What is this new treatment which every local health department has it in its power to offer free? It is simple and harmless. It merely necessitates a slight prick of the skin and is given three times within a fortnight. It is not like vaccination, where a live germ is inoculated. There is seldom any painful reaction however slight.

Such are the facts relating to this new epidemic, so far as we have been able to ascertain them. Our readers must judge for themselves.

We do not presume to set ourselves up in the rôle of medical adviser. But we do consider it our duty to warn parents that the present onslaught of this new scourge is far more widespread than is generally believed, and that every precaution should be taken that may help to combat it.

Sinister New Pest to Hound Off the Roads

Strange Punishment for Brides Jail Execution Horrors



The new dirty work at the cross-roads!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER...

OF all the forms of fraud and blackmail, the newest is the most daring of all.

We understand that enquiries concerning it are now being made by police throughout the country, and we hope it will not be long before it is stamped out.

Official attention has been focused on it owing to the deaths of an unknown man and woman near Slough. They had been knocked down by a car, and extraordinary revelations concerning them were made at the inquest.

Faked accidents

It was alleged that the woman victim, who is still awaiting identification, was a blackmailer who travelled the country swindling motorists.

Her practice was to push a male accomplice in front of a car and demand compensation from the unlucky driver.

One witness testified that she had tried to obtain money from him in this way at Hitchin, during the summer, but the man he knocked down then was not the same as the one killed at Slough!

Profitable traps

From the addresses found in the dead woman's possession, there seems no doubt that she operated this risky and audacious fraud in many parts of the country.

If her accomplice was badly hurt and had to be taken to hospital, she went off with the money and found another dupe to aid her in terrorising motorists.

Pity the motorist!

Complaints to the police indicate that there are others engaged in this astonishing fraud, which is yet another importation from America. Apparently they are almost always able to hold the motorist to ransom, for he is apt to think, naturally enough, that if an action for damages followed, no jury would believe the plain truth that a man was deliberately pushed in front of his car.

Incidentally, the blackmailer's accomplice is usually only slightly injured, though he pretends to be grievously hurt.

Old trick revived

While we hope that the police soon succeed in laying their hands on these tricksters, we must warn them that motorists are also being swindled by an

older trick which has lately been revived.

Briefly, a motorist see a man on the footpath apparently in a fit. He stops and gives assistance, being rewarded by a pitiable story when the supposedly sick man recovers—so pitiable that the motorist is moved to give him five or ten shillings to mitigate his misfortunes!

Directly he leaves, of course, the swindler repeats his performance in front of another car. He, too, makes a very lucrative living. And he, also, should be put behind prison bars as quickly as possible.

Take our advice

Meanwhile, let us advise our motoring readers to report such incidents to the police as quickly as possible.

With the faked accident trick, they need have no fear in refusing to be intimidated by threats. With the faked fit pretender, they should firmly resist the temptation of yielding to a plausible tale of woe.

Then the tricksters will soon be forced to move out of the road!

Lord Sankey for India?

We hope it's true that the Lord Chancellor will be the next Viceroy, with the job of putting the new Indian constitution into operation when it has passed through Parliament.

That would be an excellent appointment. Lord Sankey is the most progressively minded man on India in the Government, and we could do with his persuasive influence on some of the rebellious Indian lawyers whom he knew in their London student days.

Millionaire dodgers

And we understand that the Royal Commission on Income Tax, which will soon submit its report after a seven years' enquiry, will close a loophole that allows millionaires to escape their full payment of tax.

They do this by registering companies abroad, setting up an office in Switzerland or France, and holding directors' meetings there.

Through such companies they administer a large part of their fortune, and as it is legally "domiciled abroad" they avoid most of their share of taxation.

Saving mothers' lives

Above all, we look forward to the putting into effect of Liverpool's great scheme to save mothers.

There will be a special transport system to rush expectant mothers to hospital extra nourishment for them before and after confinement, more maternity officers and clinics.

"Maternity isn't a disease," says Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Of course it shouldn't be, and Liverpool seems determined to prevent it from becoming one.

Let us hope other authorities will ponder on Mr. Chamberlain's reminder and follow the Lancashire city's example!

N.G. for T.B.

It's about time we adopted the same common-sense precautions in dealing with mankind's White Scourge—tuberculosis.

One expert says that he has tested fifteen "guaranteed" cures for the disease and found them all absolutely useless.

We're not surprised. The best preventative and cure of T.B. is still good food and fresh air.

Fatal homes

That is one of the reasons why we are so concerned about the malnutrition

of unemployed people and about the chronic overcrowding.

For doctors have definitely proved that overcrowding is not merely an ally of the disease, but an actual cause of it.

Banish the slums and poor feeding and we shall hear precious little about tuberculosis!

Asking for it

So can you wonder why the medical officer of health for Aberdovey, Montgomeryshire, is bitter?

He tells of cases where eight children are huddled into two ramshackle bedrooms: of five youngsters, one a girl of fifteen, in one bed.

Isn't that asking for a C3 generation?

Suggestion

For a lighter note, let us listen to the lamentations of the War Office. It is wondering what to do with hundreds of thousands of rifles, accurate but unused, that were out-of-date when war broke out.

Twenty years seems a long time to wonder. Why not do what is done to old ships—break them up?

Sergeant-major vicar

Recently two Leyton brides arrived smiling at the parish church, but left weeping. Because they were a few minutes late the vicar refused to marry them until later that afternoon, so they had to wait in the church for two hours.

Then they were married by a curate, who made a joint ceremony of what should have been two marriages.

It is easy to realise the emotional strain which the brides, grooms and relatives had to endure; and we can't commend that vicar, the Rev. Robert Bren, for his tact.

Condemned cell ordeals

When Mrs. Major was hanged, the Lord Mayor of Hull complained that people living near the prison were haunted by the sight of the condemned cell's window.

Well, for many years the execution shed in Cardiff Jail was visible to people living in Adam Street, and some declare they have seen the bodies of executed criminals recovered from the pit and buried.

Even now the premises used for murderers awaiting execution are visible outside the jail.

Heard but not seen

At Pentonville, the doomed man walks along a covered way that is overlooked by private houses. At Leicester it is

The Fragrant Minute.

CLOCKWISE

It came in the prettiest, soft blue case. A travelling clock with a silvery face. And as I placed it with care (and glee) on a book-laden table close to me, "Tick-tick, tick-tick" went the small clock's heart, and these were its words at the morning's start:

"Tick-tick, tick-tick; now hear my song. Minute by minute, you must be strong. A minute at a time is not so bad. Were it year by year, you might feel sad. Tick-tick, tick-tick, now why this flurry? A minute at a time. No need to hurry."

"One minute achieved, there's strength for the next. Tick-tick," said the clock. "I'm never vexed. I measure the minutes, one by one, nor ever rest at the set of sun. I live for the minute, nor look ahead and that's the way to live," he said.

Wilhelmina Stitch,

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

claimed by many that the proceedings can actually be heard!

Surely people who live in the vicinity of great jails should be spared such horrors?

Physic at any hour

We are told that a Coventry magistrate had to walk the streets for three hours in the early morning before he could get a prescription made up for a young man who was in great agony. And Coventry is complaining to the Ministry of Health about it.

Frankly, we can't understand it. A doctor who is called out at night to prescribe for a panel patient can make up the medicine himself and obtain a dispensing fee from the authorities.

Or, if he marks his prescription "urgent," a chemist can be knocked up and is bound to supply the medicine. So what's wrong in Coventry?

A peer's plea

As our readers know, we don't think much of the laws governing the parking of cars. So we can sympathise with the Earl of Dudley, who has been fined 10s. for leaving a car in a Dudley street while he went to the cinema with his family.

But we most emphatically do not sympathise with his solicitor's plea that the Bench should dismiss the case "in order to preserve the good feeling which we desire to prevail between Lord Dudley and the Borough of Dudley."

We are glad the Bench refused to be overwhelmed by this hint of impending disaster and emphasised the wholesome doctrine that peers as well as peasants are subject to the common law.

Easy money

We are much more sorry for the doctors who are constantly getting into hot water for leaving their cars in the street while visiting patients.

Even in London parking places are few and far between. Imagine what would happen if, before paying a visit, a doctor toured round to find an official parking place, left his car there, and then had to walk for ten minutes or so to see the patient who urgently required his attention!

Well, you don't need much imagination to realise what might happen.

On the carpet

We don't suggest that doctors should be placed above the law. We do suggest that their professional work should not be hampered by excessive police zeal.

By the way, even a doctor's convictions for this sort of petty offence are brought to the notice of the General Medical Council mandarins, so he "gets it in the neck" all round.

Surely it would be far saner to grant a special badge for doctors' cars, and issue instructions to the police that cars displaying such badges should be allowed to remain for a reasonable time in the street?

Cheaper?

Nicolas Reardon, of Cardiff, is now a patient in Whitchurch mental hospital, certified insane. Wounded three times in the War, he suffered shell shock and was gassed, and eventually got a small pension, which was later discontinued.

Then, for deliberately smashing a window, he was sent to jail and from there removed to the asylum—still pensionless.

He is there with a good many more men who served in France during the War. Sometimes we wonder if it's cheaper to keep them in the asylum than to give them a square deal.

Piling it on

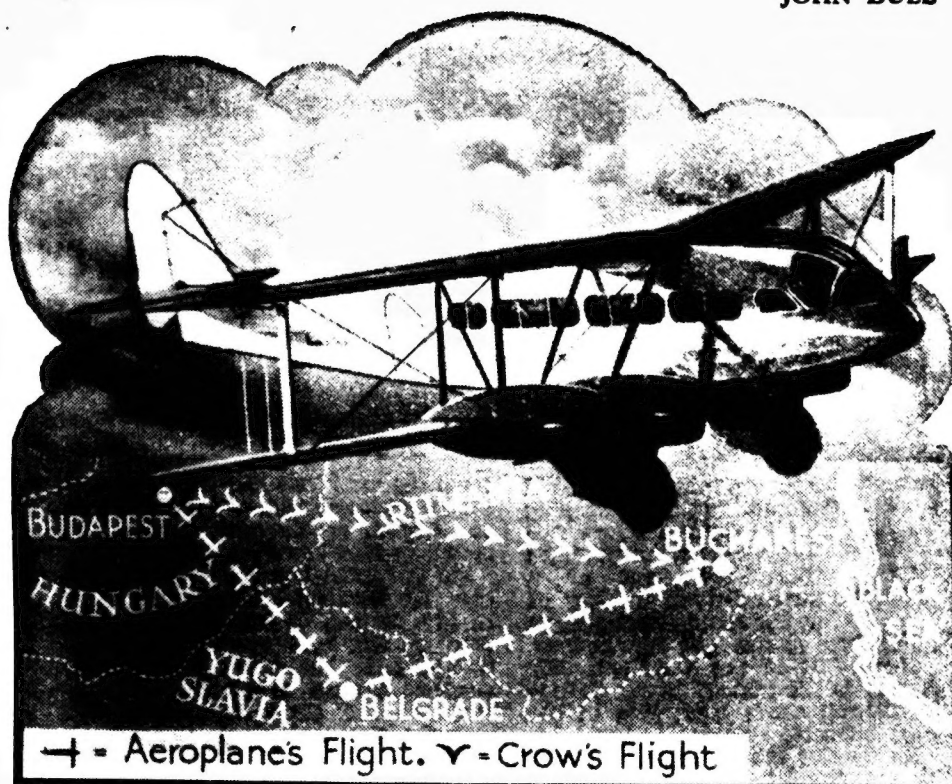
The Kentish towns of Crayford and Erith are divided by a strip of roadway. On the Crayford side of the road electricity is twice as dear as that in Erith.

West Kent Electricity Company supplies Crayford, while Erith has a municipal undertaking which makes a handsome profit despite its low rates. And both obtain current from Woolwich and pay the same price for it!

The laugh is on Crayford, but we doubt if its inhabitants relish the joke.

AIR SCARE

—and where's
the policeman?



When a crow wishes to fly from Budapest to Bucharest it takes the upper route; when an aviator wishes to do so he is compelled to take the lower route via Belgrade. The aviator flies 460 miles, but the crow flies only 390 miles and gets there just the same . . .

by the Rt. Hon.
LORD DAVIES

Chairman of the New Commonwealth Society
for the Promotion of International
Law and Order

Radio a centre of communication between the national civil aviation services

It would draft and prepare for submission to the members of the union schedules of the rates for passenger traffic and freights, and by securing co-operation between the various air transport companies would enable them to carry on their business without recourse to subsidies from their national Governments

One may well ask why are these urgent improvements held up?

Why is freedom to travel in the air so curtailed and restricted? Why is civilian aviation hampered by all these stupid rules and regulations, imposed not by any international authority, but by a number of independent countries, each of which, of course, has its own fish to fry? Why should the greatest invention of our time—perhaps of all time—be handicapped in this way? Why do Governments pay huge subsidies to their civil aviation companies?

There is one very simple answer to all these questions. It is the fear of war.

Civil aviation is regarded as the adjunct—the servant of military aviation. Civilian planes are to be used as bombers in the next war. Therefore every country thinks it must have a supply of its own, to be converted into military planes should the occasion arise. This breeds suspicion.

So long as these fears remain, so long will the development of civil aviation be stunted and retarded. It should be free to develop on its own lines; to adapt itself to the needs of peace, not the requirements of war. How is this to be done? Only by banishing the fear of attack from the air and creating a sense of security.

In our national communities, this sense has been developed through the establishment of courts and policemen for the purpose of administering justice and maintaining order. It is certain that no other means can be found to produce similar results in the international community of States. This means the establishment of an International Tribunal to settle all disputes, and an Air Police Force to prevent war.

Then it will be possible to rid civil aviation of the shackles which now impede its progress.

And by divorcing it completely from military aviation, we shall prevent it from being used as an instrument of war, and from becoming the potential destroyer of our children, our country.

PUBLIC attention is focused just now on civil flying. The recent air race to Australia has brought home very clearly to us all the immense developments which must take place in commercial flying in the immediate future.

The regular air service to Australia which began before Christmas demonstrates forcibly the need for a very much more comprehensive international control of civil flying than exists at present.

There is, it is true, the Air Convention of Paris signed in 1919. But its provisions are limited, and the points of agreement reached by the representatives of twenty-nine nations are totally inadequate to deal satisfactorily with the huge growth of international commercial flying which has taken place since the war.

International air transport to-day is in something like the state of chaos which prevailed in the despatch of international mails about the middle of the last century.

Then the cost of sending letters abroad was amazing. The charges varied with each country. So did the weights. If you wanted to send a letter from England to Belgrade via France, it cost you 3s. per ounce. To California via Panama 4s. 6d. per half-ounce. In some countries the person receiving the letter had to pay an additional charge when it was delivered.

The same muddle exists in air transport to-day. Every country has its own regulations.

A pilot must comply with the regulations of every country over which he passes on a journey. In the first place, he must have a permit for each separate country. These may cost anything in Europe, the average is round about 6s. to £2 10s. in Spain and about £10 in Turkey.

He must also comply with all regulations regarding air routes and landing places. Some countries allow foreign aircraft to use certain specified routes only. This is often a considerable handicap, taking a pilot many miles out of his way. Again, there are very strict laws about where machines may land. Some countries only allow foreign planes to land on certain prescribed aerodromes. Others are more liberal, and in this respect Germany sets an example.

In regard to forced landings, German law lays down that no owner of land can prevent aviators from continuing their journey once the identity of the navigator and the pilot have been determined. But under the laws of other countries, for example, France and Switzerland, aircraft may be detained until any damage caused by the landing has been made good.

In Turkey and Persia even more acute difficulties are encountered. In the event of a forced landing, unless you have complied with the regulations laid down by these two countries, you run the risk of being arrested.

Both Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith and Mollison have gone through this trying experience. Wright and Polando, two American competitors in the Air Race to Australia, had their chances completely destroyed by being detained owing to a forced landing near Mohammerah, in Persia.

The difficulty of getting permits to fly over some countries is also a handicap. For instance, a pilot flying to Australia must apply for his

Turkish and Persian permits at least six weeks before he intends to start. He must also deposit a sum of £20 with the Air Ministry in London.

With regard to established "services," agreements are reached between the countries separately. This makes travelling by air still more difficult. For instance, a passenger wishes to fly to India or Singapore. Until recently, if he travelled by a British plane, he had to disembark at Paris and go by train across France and Italy to Brindisi, where he took another plane. But in a Dutch liner he could travel by air all the way.

Only by an agreement reached early in December is it now possible for Imperial Airways' machines to cross France and Italy.

All this multiplicity of regulations hampers the airman to-day when aviation is yet only in its infancy. What will it be like a few years hence when private flying has increased, as it inevitably will; when there are big liners on a network of routes, and when there is an enormous increase in freight planes and night flying!

Yet the whole thing could be simplified to everybody's satisfaction by the creation of an International Air Union, just as the postal muddle was cleared up by the International Postal Union.

★ ★ ★

In the same way, if regulations governing air navigation could be simplified, difficulties would be removed, resulting in cheaper travel, greater efficiency, and probably fewer accidents.

For instance, why should not an international permit be granted to a pilot covering all countries? If the nations of the world can agree to work in perfect harmony over the sending of mails, telegrams and telephone calls, why can they not also agree to work together to produce a sane, economic and efficient world air service?

There are already several comprehensive schemes in existence for establishing an International Air Union. One plan suggests that all aircraft, aerodromes, spare parts and ground equipment should be owned by the Air Union, and controlled by a board composed of representatives from the various nations participating in the scheme. The plan also provides for the taking over of existing companies.

If, at the moment, this proposal may appear to be too ambitious, it would be possible to form an Air Union with a permanent bureau similar to that of the Postal Union at Berne.

This bureau, acting on behalf of the countries co-operating in the scheme, would supervise and co-ordinate civil aviation. It would grant international licences to pilots, issue permits covering all countries, arrange for international air-highways, and the construction of new aerodromes, and so on.

One of the important developments of the immediate future is safe night flying.

America as far back as 1922 showed us the way by establishing a "lit" airway covering 2,041 miles between New York and Salt Lake City. Planes flying at night just "follow the lights," which are placed at intervals of about ten miles.

The bureau could very well establish similar "airways" in different parts of the world. It would also collect and distribute accurate information about weather conditions and provide by

HIS EMINENCE

TO the soft singing of an old chant and the swinging of censers a figure approaches who might have been torn out of a stained-glass window of a thousand years ago, so saintly and picturesque does he look.

Hush! It is the Cardinal. His dignity is the highest in the Catholic Church apart from that of the Pope himself.

No wonder the pomp and majesty of his coming impresses all beholders. For his scarlet robes have come down unchanged from the colourful year of grace 1245, when even in those days they were the brightest thing worn. And his twelve-tasselled hat, symbol of his power, is still older.

Cardinal Wolsey discarded such robes for the sackcloth and ashes in which he died. And Henry VIII said of the headgear, referring to a man elected by the Pope to wear it: "If that hat comes from Rome there will be no head to put it on." That's how old is the attire of the approaching Cardinal.

The simple man

And no wonder he looks so understanding and all-wise, seeing that those lips of his have been pressed together by the Pope as a symbol of the discretion he should observe, and then opened again to mark his right to express his opinion on any matter that it falls to him to consider.

Pious, sagacious, learned, majestic. That is how he looks in procession. Indeed, for such qualities as those are Cardinals chosen personally by the Pope.

But anybody who has peeped into Archbishop's House at Westminster Cathedral, where the late Cardinal Bourne lived and recently died, will see yet another side to a Cardinal's nature. There his staff, his humblest curates and the poor and rich alike who comprise his visitors, see the simple man, the understanding man alive to all the frailties of human nature, who is hidden away at other times behind the panoply of his post.

Let us take a typical day in the life of a Cardinal resident at Westminster. It will help us to understand the better this richly ornamental figure.

He rises in that salmon-pink residence of brick at the same time as the earliest London workers, for there is Mass and meditation to be gone through before breakfast. Then he walks from "the Waldorf," as the curates call his private rooms, to his office desk—and a grindingly busy day.

Breakfast story

The Waldorf? It is a curious name for a Cardinal's private suite. The way in which the name amused the late Cardinal Bourne shows better than any more staid reminiscence the human, friendly side of his nature.

It arose before Cardinal Bourne's time, when a newly joined curate in the adjoining Clergy House rang for breakfast—a command, in those days, that only the Cardinal himself could give. "Breakfast," said the curate imperiously when the servant appeared, and then and

there the meal that had been prepared for his Eminence who was the leader of the Church of Rome in Britain was served to that humble curate.

The last crumb had disappeared by the time the Cardinal rang for breakfast. In fact, he had to ring five times, six times, getting more puzzled and disappointed each time, before the servants mustered courage to tell him that his breakfast had clean disappeared, engulfed in the newest, rawest recruit from college.

Down to business

Then did the Cardinal become an imposing, even forbidding, figure in his own home, a characteristic unusual to Cardinals. Then did he order that such arrangements should be made in the kitchen that nobody, in future, should be able to get the Cardinal's meals by accident or design.

"The Waldorf," said the curate, pointing a finger at the private rooms of the Archbishop of Westminster, his Eminence the Cardinal. And the name stuck. And it says much for successive holders of the dignity that they would have hated to see the name disappear, and that that shy smile of the late Cardinal Bourne never lit up quicker than when he heard it mentioned.

But we have lingered longer round the breakfast room than any Cardinal dare do. There is work waiting him in his office.

There is attention to correspondence, which takes more time than most business men devote to their letters, seeing that Cardinals are influenced by the example of a Pope who opens every letter addressed to him personally and insists on replying personally to as many as he can.

Surprise calls

Correspondence, as a rule, occupied two and a half hours of the late Cardinal Bourne's morning. Not only did he, too, insist on answering as many letters as possible himself, but he typed them out with his own hands on his own portable machine, making very few mistakes in the process.

Meanwhile, his secretaries have been charting out his day. They have put on one side the appointments he must keep and have dovetailed them between the hours that will not be occupied by devotions.

Half an hour will be allowed him, maybe, for a walk or 'bus ride.

Visits must be paid to the biggest churches and the smallest mission halls, to occasional State functions and little garden parties alike. The late Cardinal loved to sandwich in a surprise call at some out-of-the-way Catholic church, where, if he was recognised by the priest at all, it was usually in some such words as: "Can I do anything for you? If there's anything I can —. Why, if it isn't His Eminence!"

Then Cardinal Bourne made a strong point of visiting the offices of Catholic newspapers. At one he always arrived at the same hour of the same day each week. The editor could always bring him hurrying in by attempting to dictate Catholic policy. He would always come along to point out in a firm but friendly

way that the Press had liberty in almost all things, but not in that.

Devotions, appointments, correspondence and the rest leave the Cardinal little available time, but how much there is to crowd into it!

There are the callers to be seen. They come in scores, in Rolls-Royces and in burst boots alike. It is more important that a Cardinal shall be accessible to the poor and oppressed than to the rich and comfortable, and only in Archbishop's House do they fully realise what pains are taken to make this possible—within the limits of time and human endurance.

If you heard one hundredth of the private worries and temptations stammered out to him, often by the poorest of the poor, you would understand why the Pope ceremonially sealed his lips on his appointment. And if you could hear how bitingly a Cardinal can speak out on matters of public importance you would see why the Pope opened those same lips again.

Then some time during the day must be found time for the Cardinal to attend to his own diocese. It is not curious that a lot of that time is devoted to architects, builders, gold designers and mosaic

workers, seeing that Westminster Cathedral itself is not yet finished, new churches are always rising, and rich decorative work is always being carried on within Catholic churches.

Cardinal Bourne received many of his ideas from protest boxes in which parishioners said just what they thought of any artistic scheme the church had in mind. He was open to suggestion from the humblest source. And if any idea had any promise in it at all, the sponsor of it always found himself among the strangely varied assortment of human beings who went to Archbishop's House for audience.

The ambassador

Ave Maria ends the day's work, at least as far as outside engagements are concerned. In Rome a Cardinal is not expected to be seen about after Ave Maria, and Cardinals here in England like to adhere to that as far as they can. But there is a great deal of reading to be done—a Cardinal, remember, must be a deep student to the very last—before bedtime comes.

That is more or less a picture of a



he CARDINAL

—An Intimate Close-Up of his Life and his Work

in precedence to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

That recalls how a provincial Catholic Bishop arrived at a levee at Buckingham Palace to find that the famous Cardinal Manning, who was waiting to follow the Anglican Archbishop according to the prescribed order of precedence, had arrived in a sombre, black outdoor suit.

Who goes first?

The Catholic Bishop looked from his own dazzling raiment to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury and then to the humble attire of his Cardinal. "I'm terribly sorry, your Eminence," he murmured.

"Oh, that's all right," said Manning with his usual terrible bluntness. "I don't suppose anybody will notice you."

Perhaps that drab suit of Manning's expressed what many Catholics have in their hearts—that that tribute of King Edward's was to Cardinals as men rather than as high dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

Yet problems of status and precedence are not without solution, as our own Prince of Wales discovered when on a recent visit to the Pope. The Pope expressed his desire that the visit should be returned by Cardinal Gasparri, who undertook to drive to the British Legation and lunch with the Prince there.

But here was the problem that arose: The British Legation was British territory. Count de Salis, the representative of the British Government to the Holy See, was the host.

According to Rome, the Cardinal had precedence over the Prince, and he, therefore, should sit at the host's right hand. But the British view is that on British soil the Prince takes precedence over a Cardinal, and he, according to that ruling, was entitled to the place of honour.

But everything worked out all right—"by arrangement." The Cardinal and the Prince met. The announcement was made: "Luncheon is served." The company arose to file in to the tables.

At the very door of the dining-room a telegram was handed to Count de Salis, ordering him away from the Legation on urgent business. Smoothly, he turned to the Prince and asked him to be kind enough to act as host in the name of the British Government.

Smilingly the Prince took the host's seat, and equally calmly the Cardinal took the coveted position on the host's right hand.

Yet lest all this talk of diplomacy, courtliness and etiquette suggests that Cardinals, who are expected never to lose the common touch, are apt to lose their human side in a banqueting hall, let this story be told. To appreciate it, it

is necessary to remember that Cardinals are not allowed to marry.

Cardinal Manning picked up a sausage from a buffet at the function he was attending. Opening his mouth to bite it, he noticed that the Chief Rabbi was watching both him and the sausage.

The temptation was too much for the Cardinal. He jocularly held out the sausage until it was within smelling distance of the Rabbi's nose and said: "What a pity it is that you are not allowed to eat such nice sausages."

"But I can and will—at your Eminence's wedding breakfast," replied the Chief Rabbi in the same spirit of good humour.

A great deal of ignorance exists as to what a Cardinal is. Particularly is the position of an English Cardinal misunderstood in Catholic and non-Catholic countries alike.

The number of Cardinals throughout the world must never exceed seventy, and there are always a few "vacant hats," as the saying goes. Britain has rarely filled more than two hats at one time, and for generations has been without a Cardinal altogether. In fact only twelve of them have actually had residence in England since the Reformation.

Locked away . .

An Archbishop of Westminster is not necessarily a Cardinal in the natural order of things. Very often has this higher dignity been denied him. In fact, the late Cardinal Bourne, whose death we now mourn, was eleven years Archbishop before he received the Cardinal's hat.

And yet even the lowliest priest in the most remote parish might be appointed—even a layman is eligible—provided the

Pope's choice falls on him and he does not exercise his right to refuse without incurring displeasure.

Once appointed, he will automatically become one of the Senate of the Church. He will help to administrate during any vacancy of the Holy See. He and his fellow-Cardinals will have the onerous duty of choosing a new Pope, whenever the need arises.

At such a time the Cardinals will be locked away altogether from the outside world while they are making up their minds. And until they have done so even their letters and parcels will be censored, so strict are the precautions to ensure that no outside influence is brought to bear on them.

The Cardinals will be free to disagree with the Pope whenever they like—although it will make no difference if the supreme head of the Church, having listened to all the pros and cons, decides that his own view is the right one. Popes listen to their Cardinals—but are not bound to follow.

The Cardinals were overruled in this way quite recently when, despite the fact that they opposed the Lateran treaty regulating, at long last, the age-old question of the status in Italy of the papal State, the Pope's point of view prevailed in the end and his "Faithful Seventy" loyally bowed to his decision.

The Pope's secret

In constant touch with Rome, with their fingers on the pulse of Catholic activities in every part of Britain, and all the time attending to the needs of their own diocese, Cardinals resident in Britain are among the busiest men in the kingdom. In the rich apparel of the tranquil mediaeval days they must work as precisely and unceasingly as modern machines.

Who will be the next Archbishop of Westminster to be "His Eminence the Cardinal" only the Pope can say. He might already have it in mind to say that the next Archbishop will not be so exalted. Indeed, he might have his eye on some humble student who has not yet taken Orders, for has he not already appointed one layman, a diplomat, to the dignity of Cardinal?

Whoever it is, high or low, famous or obscure, the decision will be loyally accepted. Bishops will bow to him. He will be His Eminence the Cardinal.

"A SPURT of FLAME"

A STAFFORDSHIRE reader saw his home destroyed by fire the other day. A spurt of flame and a cloud of smoke, and his belongings were being devoured before his eyes.

He saw the flames licking the walls he had papered and decorated, and he stood helplessly by while the rafters crashed and a ceiling collapsed. People gathered, helpers sympathised, the firemen came with their hoses, but in a very few minutes the damage was done.

There was the bedroom suite—he had been proud of that bedroom suite: and with it a full-length mirror. He looked on and saw it all ablaze.

A picture came crashing from the wall, the oak bureau in the corner sagged as the leg went away from beneath it. There were many little personal things in the right-hand drawer, but they, too, were irretrievably lost.

Not until hours after the firemen had

gained control was the unlucky man able to search among the blackened debris for this treasure and the other one.

The home it had taken him years to gather together was ruined and completely wrecked. One can imagine how racked he was with the despair of realising how long it would take to make good the loss.

It was a neighbour who reminded him that he was a registered reader, and thus eligible for benefit under our Free Insurance scheme. He made his application at once, and he received a cheque without delay, which put his mind at rest.

"It was a godsend," he writes, "and I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to JOHN BULL." Those readers who have so far failed to register will find the coupon on page 35. Don't put it off any longer. Fill in the form and post it. You never know, you may be glad of help one of these days.

al Bourne at High
Westminster Cathe-
This Mass marked the
fifth anniversary of
pointment to the Arch-
episcopate of Westminster

his own diocese, or working
home. It doesn't show any-
of the considerable work
in a far wider field.
ence, successive British Gov-
like whatever Cardinal is at
to help keep the world
as to the true position of
in this country. Foreign
re apt to regard Britain as
an impression which both
the Catholic Church are
remove. Cardinal Bourne did
move such mistakes by visit-
Jugo-Slavia and other coun-
cial missions for the British

let it be said that a Car-
tain is not, as is popularly
a picturesque figure who is
without official status in his
King Edward VII laid it
the Cardinal was to be next

DEAR SIR HENRY,— Had you received a few months ago the peerage which is now yours, cynical people might have said that you had been kicked upstairs. Governments have a way of getting rid of "difficult" Ministers by promoting them to the House of Lords, where, they feel, if they cannot do much good, at least they cannot do much damage. But you were dropped some months ago. Certainly they gave you a job for which you were supremely fitted—that of administering, as chairman of the Unemployment Assistance Board, the Act which, as Minister of Labour, you had piloted through the Commons. It was an important job, and a very difficult one. Whatever the chairman of the new Board did, criticism was waiting him. The unemployed, for instance, were fearful because they had been handed over to the tender mercies of a body which when once appointed, was no longer responsible to anybody except itself. Already, the *Lancet* has complained that your Board's new relief scales fall below the minimum required for health and decent manhood. It has made complaint that you have no practical scheme for maintaining, for the workless, continuity of medical care! Yet, strange as it may seem, that Act, when brought into being by yourself, retrogressive as Labour thought it, reactionary as hundreds of thousands knew it to be, was the work of a man who had the most progressive mind in the Cabinet! Since you possessed that, I am sure it was with a degree of complacent satisfaction that, with £5,000 a year as your salary, the Government gave you your new job. You were out of the way. . . ***** Incredible as it may seem, a Cabinet presided over by Ramsay MacDonald, for many years regarded by Privilege, as a most dangerous "Red," had its most progressive brain not in his head, or in Jim Thomas's, but in yours. There are in the ranks of the Tory Party, nowadays, thank heaven, many young progressive people. A few of them are in the House of Commons, where, restively, they protest every now

You're Sure to Get the Kicks!



Hanner Swaffer's

Open Letter to

**SIR HENRY
BETTERTON**

machine, like a Juggernaut, has rolled on relentlessly.

You in vain protested—not often, it is true, but more than anyone. Your comparative modernity of mind is all the more remarkable because you learned your business at the Ministry of Labour under that dreary bore, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland. How your humane and progressive qualities developed in those dreary years is still a wonder to many who know you. For, under your suave, official manner, there still beats a kind heart.

* * *

Yes, I can pay you a tribute which you may think remarkable—if you think about it at all—since it comes from me.

By the time your Unemployment Bill was through, you, although you had piloted it through the House of Commons, were trusted and respected by the Labour men who faced you from the opposite Benches, opposing all you did, yes, and answering all you said.

It was a circumstance almost unique in the history of modern politics. They hated your Bill, and said so. But you always fought fair, and they knew it.

For that reason, I wish you, in the House of Lords, quiet slumbers and sweet repose. Anyway, if its debates are boring, its benches are soft and comfortable. Don't, when you are there, wake up too often.

If, in the House of Commons, you found your own side doing many things which were hateful to you, you will, in the Lords, be able to rest knowing that, whatever they may say, everything they do has been done before.

But, if you sleep, be careful not to snore. That might wake up all the others.

as anybody. As it was, whenever you did side with probable objections, the Tories only laughed and said, "Our majority is so big that we can put into the Bill anything which we choose, or, indeed, any Bill which we put before the House."

One of the great tragedies of the last three years has been the way in which modern Conservatism has been crushed by the ruthlessness and the stupidity of the old-fashioned Tory machine. That

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir EDWARD BAIRSTOW,
Minster Court, York

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—Your grouse against the B.B.C. is really the most unreasonable I've ever heard.

You lament that you and your fellow-musicians cannot force the B.B.C. "to stop encouraging people merely to hear music and not to listen to it or to cease putting over so much trash."

You seem to forget that the wireless has brought good music as well as "trash" into millions of homes that previously never heard it.

JOHN BULL.

Miss D. A. GRIFFIN,
National Union of Women Teachers

DEAR PRESIDENT,—You don't think men should be heads of mixed schools because it encourages a boy to believe that Nature has made him lord of creation and fit for positions of authority.

Don't worry about that. When the boy grows up and marries he'll soon learn otherwise.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER CITRINE,
Transport House, London, S.W.

DEAR MR CITRINE,—In a fortnight's time you and your colleagues of the T.U.C. General Council will discuss a national drive for higher wages.

To every sensible person that means a drive for greater prosperity, and I wish you every success in your efforts to make every industrialist realise this obvious truth.

JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Llangefni, Anglesey

GENTLEMEN,—Following differences between you and the fire brigade, it went

out of commission a few months ago. Now a farmhouse has been destroyed, and but for the direction of the wind the haystacks and cattle would also have gone up in smoke.

Don't you think it time you bridged those differences? Or are you waiting until one of your own houses is burnt?

JOHN BULL.

LORD IRWIN, Minister of Education:
Near two million children old enough for nursery schools, but only 5,000 can find places. Can't you do better than that?—

JOHN BULL.

CYRIL HAYCOX,
H.M. Prison, Nottingham

RUFFIAN,—I guess that boxers who have fought you in the past would like "another go" at you now they know what you did to the old lady of eighty-five whom you robbed.

For a young professional fighter to hit her one savage blood after another, as you did, fully merited the eighteen months you got.

And your astounding lack of moral courage deserves a putty medal.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. J. J. BUTTERWORTH,
Lancashire M.O.H.

DEAR DOCTOR,—So the Lancashire public assistance chief has agreed to hand over to the medical schools the bodies of poor folk who die in their institutions.

It seems that a person's right to six feet of ground at death is just another legal fiction, and you remark that he has no freehold in his own body, for "that belongs to his relatives."

What! Is our soul the only thing we can really call our own?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. C. HEADLAM,
Bishop of Gloucester

MY LORD,—Upholding the House of Lords against the Commons, you say: "I am sufficiently intelligent to believe in the hereditary system."

For my part, I rejoice that the great mass of the public do not share your particular brand of "intelligence."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. SAMUEL LINLEY,
Manchester Engine-driver

DEAR MR. LINLEY,—A boiler plug blew out in the engine of the Euston-Manchester express. To save the train you and your fireman, Frederick Wood, had to fight through scalding steam and boiling water to the controls.

And, thank heaven, you won. I hope such sterling gallantry doesn't escape the notice of those who can suitably reward it.

JOHN BULL.

SAMUEL JOHNSTONE,
Lancaster Street, Hulme

SLUGGARD,—Don't you know that millions would give their right hands for a job?

I ask because you threw away your regular job to get relief, and have now been jailed for a month for neglecting to maintain your wife and family when you had the means.

What you need is a great deal of hard labour.

JOHN BULL.

THE COUNCILLORS,
Tarvin, Cheshire

GENTLEMEN,—Your meanness and utter stupidity has landed your rates collector in jail for embezzlement.

You paid him only £45 a year for his

part-time work of collecting more than £2,000. He was almost illiterate, so he had to pay a woman £20 a year to do his book-keeping!

I hope the ratepayers will now put you in the dock—metaphorically, at least.

JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE COLLINS, London Guildhall: Being horse-lover, you've "no mercy at all" for men who ill-treat them. That's fine so long as you don't spare other brutes.—

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. R. WOOLERTON,
Spalding, Lincs

DEAR MRS. WOOLERTON,—For the fourth time in your life you've ventured as wife;

Aged eighty-five and keenly alive. You've taken a hubby who soon will arrive.

At four score of years. You cheery old dears. I wish you the best—all the smiles, no more tears.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. M. BANNERMAN,
Scottish Rugby International

DEAR SIR,—You describe the numbering of "Rugger" players as a "sop to the spectators" and suggest that such procedure undermines the basic ideals of the game.

Nonsense! And for the autocratic attitude some Rugger authorities have towards the people who pay the piper—the spectators—I have only contempt. Rugby football wouldn't be in the happy position it is to-day were it not for spectators' shillings.

Rugger's basic ideals are materially assisted by the crowd's patronage.

JOHN BULL.

e LINDBERGH Drama

by A. G. GARDINER



Lindbergh

the thrill of a murder that accounts for the in a drama which and at the little town in New Jersey. interest mainly due he drama revolves figure of Col. Lind across the Atlantic apart among the

reasons than these America—and not irred as it has never by a criminal trial. I shall refer later. which contain a warn- as well as an imme- dious problem for

glance at the issue Trenchard and the rt house at Fleming- years since the lbergh baby begun. r his marriage with wight Morrow, had considerable estate Jersey. One child, ad been born, and old. He was com- of a Scottish nurse. error of kidnapping the utmost precau-

ed world

32, the world was that the child had to the chamber in g had been effected means of a ladder, ad made his escape s discovered. hat followed will be of everybody. Col y the most popular his wife was the who, but for his sud- ve been President of nstead of Franklin crime touched and erican people with nal outrage. of the Federal and nemployed in scouring traces of the crimi- himself offered a ars for the return of time the search was n was unclaimed.

Then an intermediary appeared in the person of Dr. John F. Condon ("Jafsie"), who was entrusted with the task of restoring the baby in exchange for the 50,000 dollars. The money took the form of a bundle of banknotes, and on a certain night this bundle was passed from one side of a cemetery wall to a hand stretched out from the other side. The bundle of banknotes was taken, but no baby was passed over the wall in return. The deal had failed.

It had failed for a reason that soon became apparent. On May 12, seventy-three days after the child had disappeared, its body was found on the Hopewell estate not far away from the Lindbergh house. It had apparently been murdered immediately after it was kidnapped.

That seemed the end. The murderer had got away and he had got away with as rich a reward as if he had surrendered the living child unharmed to his parents.

The banknote

But it was not the end. Sixteen months later, on September 19, 1933, a man named Bruno Hauptmann, of Bronx, a suburb of New York, stopped at a garage for petrol. He paid with a banknote, which the same night was discovered to be one of the bundle that constituted the ransom. Next day a large detachment of Federal Secret Service agents, under the direction of

Edgar Hoover, swooped down on the Hauptmann's house, arrested him, and in searching his premises found banknotes to the value of 13,750 dollars which had formed part of the ransom.

His defence

Hauptmann is a German who entered America illegally eleven years ago, and has a wife and young child. He is stated to have been identified by Joseph Peronne as the man who gave him a dollar to take a message to Dr. Condon, the intermediary in the ransom transaction.

That is the case against Hauptmann. With the aid of 180 witnesses, the prosecution hopes to prove that he took the Lindbergh baby from his nursery, that he fell while carrying him down the ladder, and that the child was killed by the fall. With the aid of 120 witnesses, Hauptmann hopes to escape by establishing an alibi to the effect that on the fatal day and night he was in the Bronx and not in New Jersey.

But the banknotes? Well, these, he says, were entrusted to him in a sealed parcel by a fellow German, who went off to Germany without having told him what was in the parcel, and who, some weeks afterwards, died there.

What the issue of the trial will be is not for me to discuss. Its main interest for us is independent of the result. It is in the lurid light which the whole



Bruno Hauptmann

story throws on the desperate state of society when crime gets out of hand.

America is in that position, and it is because the Lindbergh baby case exhibits the fact in such stark characters that it has aroused such intensity of interest. Kidnapping is a commonplace of American life, but it is only one phase of the tidal wave of crime which, especially since the war, has swept America.

No civilised society has ever been faced with such an organised uprising of the underworld. It levies toll on the business world as openly as the highwayman levied toll on the stage-coach of bygone days. It corrupts the bench, it corrupts the police, it corrupts the politicians. It is armed to the teeth and it shoots at sight. There are as many murders in Chicago alone in a year as there are in the whole of this country.

Evil still rife

If the racketeers and the gangsters had not the habit of shooting each other they would be omnipotent. As Curran said of the fleas at a country inn: "If they had been unanimous they would have shoved me out of bed." If the gangsters were united they would rule America.

President Roosevelt is struggling bravely against this octopus of the underworld. The abolition of Prohibition has done something to diminish its gigantic money power. Al Capone is under lock and key, and hundreds of the leading gangsters have slaughtered each other.

But the root of the evil is still untouched. The whole police system of the separate States is rotten, the Courts are distrusted, the revelations of graft among public men incessant. Hollywood pours out its lurid incitements to the criminal life, and the trade in arms has been scandalously uncontrolled.

If the Lindbergh case serves to stimulate the war of society on the underworld it will, whatever the result, do good to America.

For us, it is a reminder of our good fortune and a warning to us not to let crime get out of hand here as it has got out of hand in America.

NOT FROM THE B. B. C.

HATS!

Women's hats!
It is vain to murmur "Rats!"
For to own them's an obsession
With the females of the clan.
Though by jeering males derided
When, by Fashion's sultans guided,
They are worn in styles lop-sided,
They survive the taunts of man!

Hats!
Woman's hats!
When she's keen on one the fat's
In the fire until she gets it, whereupon
Content will reign!
It will charm away her sadness,
Fill a day or two with gladness—
Till another burst of madness
Sends her on the hunt again!

Hats!
Heaps of hats
Better than the other cat's
Is the dream of lovely woman in her
Hours of hope and ease!
Though her figure's large and spreading,
She will pawn her bed and bedding
To compete with Lady Reading
And annoy the other she!

Judging by some remarks made by Lady Reading when addressing the Personal Service League, hats are to women food and drink, faith and hope and what the doctor ordered—everything, in fact, except a mere covering for the head.

There are times, however, when they stand for shame and humiliation, worm-wood and gall and an outbreak of nettles on the fair face of existence. This, of course, is when they're on the wrong head—namely, the head of the other creature!

But to a bloke or cove whose very latest chapeau is of the 1933 pre-streamline vintage, the difference which Lady Reading states a new hat can bring about in a woman's outlook is beyond comprehension.

Otherwise the B.M.A. would long ago have recognised the therapeutic value of

Hat Tricks

hats, and doctors, instead of ordering bed and Benger's for a female patient, would write a prescription to be dispensed by Gage et Cie.

In really serious cases the doctor might even have to involve a husband in the price of a major operation by prescribing a fur coat.

For a fur coat, it would seem, can produce even more magical results than a drunken eye-shade disguised as the latest thing in hats.

* * *

To be furless when the other cat's covered with fur is, apparently, the greatest humiliation that can overtake a woman.

In such a nerve-racking crisis prompt action is demanded, like that employed by Lady Reading, who tells us: "If my companion has a fur coat, I pretend that mine is in another room."

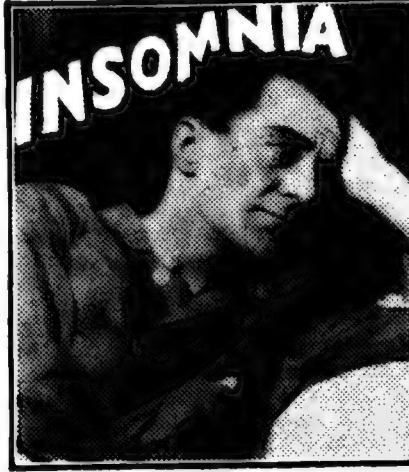
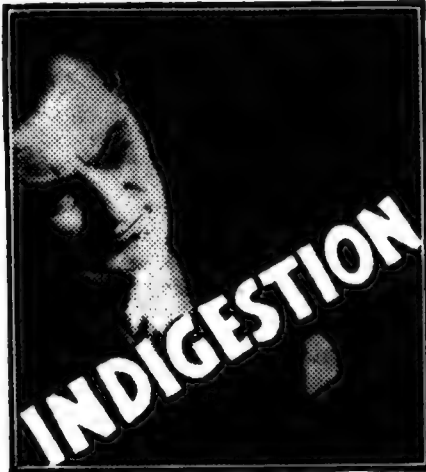
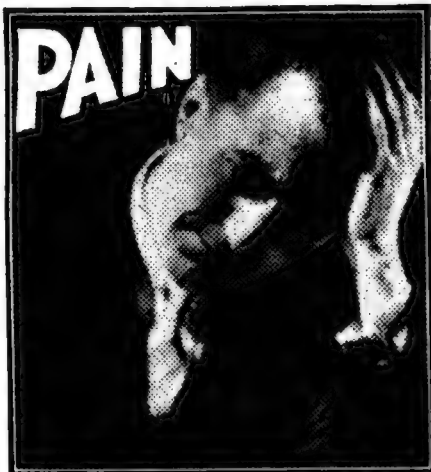
The sight of her best friend in furs
Would fill a sweet woman with gloom
Unless she pretended that hers
Were "safely away in her room!"
Though why such a hollow pretence
Should save her from feelings of huff,
I, for one, am unable to tell.
For her rival must know very well
It's a bluff!

But bluff, it appears, has its charms
To succour the soul in this way
And soften the envious qualms
Provoked by another's display:
For lies can be changed into truth
When husbands, though mournful, are
meek;

So she feels that those mythical furs,
With tact and resource, will be hers
In a week!

JOHN BULL.

UNTIL RECENTLY I HAD THE FOLLOWING TROUBLES



I Have Now
Taken Your

Yeast-Vite

AND THE
Result is
Wonderful



No More HEADACHES



INDIGESTION Has Gone



SLEEP is Refreshing



My NERVES Are Sound

READ THIS LETTER

Gentlemen,—I feel I must write my thanks to you. I had until recently the following troubles:—

- (1) Severe Headaches.
- (2) Indigestion, Pains, Sickness.
- (3) Bad Sleep.
- (4) Bad Nerves.

I have now taken three bottles of your "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and the result is wonderful.

- (1) No more throbbing headaches.
- (2) Indigestion, thank goodness, has gone, and the terrible pains.
- (3) Sleep more refreshing and sound.
- (4) Nerves are sound, and I walk with a care-free step.

I am writing this in honest thankfulness for restored health. I still have a few "Yeast-Vite" Tablets, and in our firm if any of my fellow employees are feeling below par, or if the lady assistants have a headache, I give them "Yeast-Vite," and am only too glad to relieve their suffering.

Yours sincerely and gratefully,
F. L.,
East Ham.



The enormous value of Yeast-Vite as an ALL-ROUND Remedy, even for those whose health is completely broken down, is fully evidenced by the remarkable and entirely unsolicited letter alongside.

To YOU, who perhaps have suffered for so long that you have despaired of ever being well again, this letter must seem extraordinary. Yet WE, who are constantly receiving such tributes, KNOW that "Yeast-Vite" is REGULARLY performing such Wonders.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	Glorious Relief -	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES -	Deliverance -	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE -	Vim and Vigour -	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION -	Buoyant Energy -	In 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES" -	Steadiness -	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION -	Keen Appetite -	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION -	Animation -	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS -	Calm Repose -	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM -	Pain Relief -	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	Regularity -	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD -	Purification -	In 36 HOURS

NO CURE—NO PAY

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair-Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. For your Health's sake accept it TO-DAY.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from

any Chemist, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full.

Sold Everywhere

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

YEAST-VITE is Life

—If YOU suffer from HEADACHES or NERVE PAINS "Yeast-Vite" brings Pain Freedom in a few minutes!

—If YOU are DEPRESSED or a Victim of EXHAUSTION "Yeast-Vite" means Buoyancy and Energy in record time!

—If YOU are afflicted by NERVES "Yeast-Vite" brings Relief in less than half an hour!

—If YOU are daily tortured by INDIGESTION, STOMACH PAINS or BILIOUSNESS "Yeast-Vite" means Keen Appetite, Happy Meal-times, Food Enjoyment!

—If YOU are nightly madened by INSOMNIA you can gain calm Repose!

—If YOU are agonised by RHEUMATISM your limbs can be supple and Free!

And so on through a long list of everyday complaints. And remember "Yeast-Vite" brings benefit—not next week—not to-morrow—but TO-DAY!

Famous Author Exploited by a

KNAVE of
BROKEN
HEARTS

A MONASTIC settlement on a rock-bound island off the coast of Wales; a broken tryst in the Yorkshire town of Doncaster; a perfectly equipped office in Craven Street, Strand, London, and an old coaching hostelry in Shoreham, Kent, are some of the picturesque landmarks in the non-stop career of a rascal calling himself "Stephen James Sorrell," whose victims are scattered far and wide.

He claims to be an ex-Army officer and a Cambridge M.A. His power over women is nothing short of remarkable. Some who have been duped by him have known him by other names; but Sorrell is his latest. In his rôle as the real-life counterpart of Warwick Deeping's most famous character, he told a romantic story in the columns of a Sunday newspaper.

According to his narrative, he had tramped from Liverpool to London, and he was happy, although down-and-out. He claimed to have been decorated with the M.C. on the field of battle for his gallantry.

His plausible tongue is his ready servant. He is a charming man about town, tall, good-looking, a lover of Nature, with the romance of poetry ever on his lips. Yet no scoundrel more cunning and deceitful has expressed such affection for things which are pure and beautiful.

We publish this warning against Captain Stephen James Sorrell, who is also known as "O'Neill," at the earnest request of a number of people who have been deceived by him, and who wish others to be warned in time.

One of his victims is the widow of a former Indian tea-planter, who for thirty-five years has carried on a typewriting agency within a stone's throw of the Strand, London.

Sorrell went to this woman's office from the Westminster Employment Exchange, where he had taken pains to secure for himself a reputation for kindness and courtesy. He asked for the use of a typewriter for an hour or two, and, having gained this permission, revealed himself as a deeply religious man.

Widow's sympathy

With dramatic simplicity, Sorrell confessed that he was starving. He was penniless and in urgent need of work. He wore the air of a man who is patient in adversity.

Afforded some financial assistance by the widow, this unscrupulous adventurer told how he had been for twelve months in a monastery, before which he had served as a political officer in India for ten years. She was moved by Sorrell's seeming sincerity, and she extended to him the temporary use of an office in the suite she occupies.

Quick to seize the opportunity which now presented itself, Sorrell immediately propounded a scheme for setting up in business on his own account.

It was his intention to start a personal advisory service for the benefit of the many less fortunate men he had met at the Employment Exchange. And this enterprise he planned to link with the agencies he pretended he could secure from many well-known firms.

When the laudatory account of him-

self was published in the Sunday newspaper, Sorrell blushing admitted that he was the "Captain," the "M.C.," and the University Master of Arts concerned, and from that moment he forged ahead with his plans.

He made the acquaintance of a cashier in the foyer of a private hotel in the West End of London, and mentioned this young woman to the widow as his intended bride.

Thus he secured an invitation to the widow's home one week-end, and in the days that followed he displayed a certain genius for office organisation. He got into touch with a number of well-known business houses scattered in different parts of the country, and also instructed a Southend printer to undertake certain work.

Village gallant

By this time he had discovered that the widow who had befriended him had been left £500 by her husband, and this sum he now borrowed for the purpose of floating a limited company called Persad Service, Limited, with a nominal capital of £1,000.

In a booklet he published Sorrell linked his new organisation with a venture which was started as long ago as 1881, under the auspices of Sir George Coates and the Earl of Coventry.

He claimed that this "most useful social service," which had become dormant during the late war, was to be revived; and, with his new company successfully started, he began to pay visits to the picturesque little village of Shoreham, in Kent.

Here, again, he successfully donned the cloak of the gallant gentleman, always courteous, always kind. Having ensconced his fiancée comfortably at a local hotel, he contrived to make the acquaintance of another woman, a church-worker, resident in the neighbourhood.

Sorrell made a gift to her religious movement, and went into ecstasies over the beauties which are manifest in this part of Kent.

Following these visits, he wrote poetry and despatched his verses to his new-found friends.

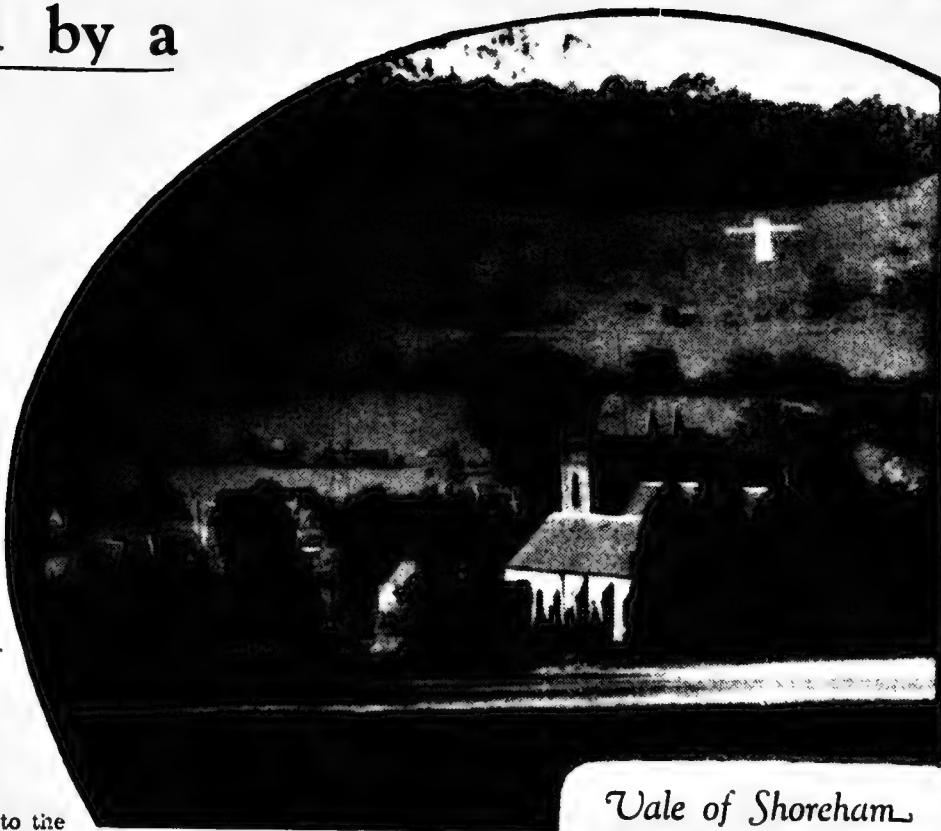
Some of the lines he wrote are printed above. Back in London, he produced a journal, in which he referred to the loveliest of all gifts as the love of a friend.

In London, Captain Sorrell went to stay in an hotel quite near to Trafalgar Square, and, having learned that the widow who had befriended him was in possession of a number of frocks and dresses from the best Paris houses, he "bought" the lot for £150.

But he did not pay for them. It was uncertain at the time what were the uses he found for them, but it is now quite clear. They were new, and he

ONLY SIX MORE DAYS!

We would remind our readers that only six days remain in which to accept JOHN BULL's Record New Year Gift offer. Applications for these magnificent Writing Sets must be posted not later than January 16. You will be in time if you act at once.



Vale of Shoreham

"Come, Lass, with me down
Shoreham Vale.

Where Beauty still is law,
And vandal crude dare not
assail

The land with filthy paw.
Come where the wealth of
Autumn gold

Falls softly on the earth,
And bridal veils from heaven
enfold

The waking dawn at birth.
Tread lightly in the dim
sweet aisle

Where fairies surely play:
Come 'neath this giant rest
awhile

To watch the growing day."

—Lines written by Captain Sorrell during his idyllic sojourn at the lovely Kentish village of Shoreham, a view of which you see above.

induced the manageress in his hotel to accept a number of them in lieu of cash in settlement of his bill!

Suddenly he disappeared, leaving two clerks without wages, and his hotel bill in London unpaid. It was also found that, to further his ends, he had used the name of a firm of solicitors without permission.

A cheque he had given the widow was returned by the bank. Sorrell had no account there! The company he had founded had done no business whatsoever, yet he had induced a Clapham man to lend him £60 on the strength of its supposed goodwill.

What had become of the £500 he had obtained from his benefactor was a mystery, for a number of people called anxiously enquiring for moneys that were due for goods supplied.

Concerned for the safety of her entire savings, the widow communicated with her son in Essex, who came up to London at once to investigate. Sorrell had left the office he had occupied in perfect order, his letters and papers neatly filed. But there was not one clue as to his real identity.

Stranded fiancée

Yet he had slipped up. Clever and thoroughly unscrupulous though he was, he had left a letter behind him addressed to the proprietor of an hotel in the village of Shoreham.

A prompt visit to the hostelry where Sorrell had often stayed revealed that he was there with his unsuspecting fiancée.

He was using the name of O'Neill, but when the callers enquired for him he left his fiancée to cope with them while he sought refuge in his room. Another hour, and he had fled the scene, leaving his disillusioned fiancée to meet his bill and the widow to think hard over her loss of £500.

We find that she is by no means the first to have been deceived by this plausible rascal, nor is she the first to have been robbed of all she possessed.

The girl cashier, who had forsaken her employment in order to marry "Sorrell," alias "O'Neill," went in dire distress to a lodging-house in Bloomsbury, London, where she was traced later by the church-worker.

We are able to trace the career of this very dashing, gallant, poetic individual back to the rock-bound island off the coast of Wales, to Larne, in Northern Ireland, and from thence to Doncaster, in Yorkshire.

A visitor to the Welsh island, he stayed there at the expense of the reli-

gious community, and wrote an account of their life and work, which he induced a publisher in Plymouth to turn out in book form.

He was then known as Robert de Carteret O'Neill, and he ordered hundreds of copies of his book, which he distributed, incurring a not inconsiderable expense.

While he was on the island he persuaded three women, who ran a small hotel, to advance him their savings, amounting to some hundreds of pounds.

He left a number of accounts behind him, one of which was the bill due to the Plymouth publishing house; and from thence went to Larne, in Northern Ireland, where he met a young woman from Doncaster.

Dangerous!

Having endowed himself by this time with the rank of "Major," O'Neill posed as a chartered accountant, and secured £250 from this victim on the pretence of starting a business.

According to his story then he was the honorary secretary of an educational and social service department.

He is an extraordinary personality whose peculiar charm and fascination render him a grave danger to women.

Far from being the distinguished personage he so often claims to be, he is actually an ex-convict named James Hamilton Drummond.

It was after serving a sentence of twelve months' hard labour that he emerged from prison to assume the name of Stephen James Sorrell, the poet and company director, whose exploits we have here exposed.

LEG SUFFERING ENDED

A Great Treatment for Leg Troubles.

IF you are a leg sufferer, then you owe it to yourself as well as to others to have your leg trouble properly treated by the best and most successful method of Treatment. You need Tremol, which is the outstanding and supreme treatment for leg troubles, with a long and honourable record of thousands of cures behind it. No other treatment for leg troubles has anything like the enormous authentic volume of cures and grateful testimony to the treatment which Tremol has.



All forms of leg troubles yield to the Tremol Treatment. Open wounds and ulcers heal with new, sound and healthy skin. Eczema is banished and all pain and inflammation subsides. The symptoms of Varicose Veins are dispelled, and you obtain healthy legs free from all pain, aching, inflammation or swelling same as you used to have.

By the Tremol method of treating your leg, you are cured without a particle of Pain, without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without Failure, because this new method permits of no Relapse, and you are cured to Stay Cured. But this is not all. Every form of Bad Legs succumbs to this New Treatment. Varicose Ulcers melt away. Eczema vanishes. Swollen and Painful Legs become painless and Varicose Vein symptoms are dispelled. Inflammation and Irritation become things of the past. Why is this? Because Tremol Treatment is unlike all other treatments, for it attacks and removes the cause, and if your case is taken in hand—for if it is incurable it will not be accepted—it will be separately and specially prescribed for and attended to until your cure is complete, and while you are applying the Treatment in your own home. This no other treatment even pretends to do, for in other so-called treatments the same thing is supplied to everyone alike and there it ends. A large illustrated Book giving full particulars of this powerful remedy will be sent free of all charge. It teems with sound advice and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if Doctors, Hospitals, and Specialists have failed to help you. But write for the Book at once, for early application is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed. Thousands praise the day they read the book. In it you will find what you have never had before, the opportunity of having your leg quickly and permanently made well, for by this new method you can cure yourself in your own home, without Pain, Rest, Operation, or Relapse.

WOUNDS and ULCERS

GET YOUR LEG WOUND, SORE OR ULCER

soundly healed. There are scores of so-called remedies for leg troubles same as yours but there is no treatment to compare with Tremol in the splendid success obtained in soundly healing leg wounds or ulcers. It is the treatment for leg wounds par excellence. By its long triumphant record it stands unrivalled and unchallenged. Let it be your treatment. Don't tinker with that open leg wound or ulcer. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain, do not let a wound which starts small as a pinprick become as large as your hand. Get the treatment that will cure you. A leg wound is a sign of internal blood pressure and congestion. The wound, however small, will not heal unless you have proper treatment. You must not allow the wound to become worse and worse—perhaps incurable—and suffer for years—perhaps for a lifetime. Get the Book mentioned above now and get well. There are scores of so-called remedies for wounds and ulcers, but there is only one Tremol Treatment. This treatment has been evolved from years of specialised study and practical experience in the successful treatment of leg wounds and ulcers. You may apply the Treatment in your own home and cure yourself while following your daily work.

LEG ECZEMA, ITCHING, DRY and WEEPING

Varicose leg Eczema arises from the same causes as varicose ulcers. Sometimes it is dry and intolerably itching. At other times it is raw, inflamed, and weeping. Sometimes the whole leg is one red mass of skin inflammation from the knees to the toes. At other times the Varicose Eczema is all round the ankle. Both forms of the complaints are chronic and can only be cured by proper treatment. The "bit of this and that" is useless. A special form of Tremol Treatment is prepared for Varicose Leg Eczema, and the results to the chronic sufferer are most gratifying and amazing. The leg Eczema is quickly cured. The redness, soreness, inflammation, and weeping soon vanish. The itching and irritation are rapidly subdued. All discomfort quickly goes away, and a clean, natural, healthy skin is your reward. The leg is thoroughly cured.

If you suffer from leg Eczema and want to get rid of the complaint, write at once to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and get the free book which tells you how to get cured to stay cured.

SWOLLEN AND PAINFUL LEGS

What do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues, and caused the swelling. You may think they look unsightly! That may be, but the end is worse than looks unless you get proper treatment. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point, and an open wound and Bad Leg result. Perhaps the joints are all swollen and painful. If so, there is deep-seated inflammation. The blood vessels and lymphatic cells under the skin are charged full of acid poison which, if not speedily removed, will bring on Synovitis and joint disease. Trifling remedies are useless. You must get those swollen limbs properly treated before it is too late. Get at the root cause. Write to National College, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, and get the free book, which tells you how to cure your swollen limbs at home in comfort and quickly. Sign the coupon below and send to-day.

VARICOSE VEINS

HAVE YOUR VARICOSE VEINS CORRECTLY TREATED.

Get rid of all the aching, heaviness, pain, and congestion in your legs. Under this Treatment vein walls become toned up and strengthened. The blood circulation is improved. Vein congestion passes away and dull, aching pains, tiredness, heaviness of the legs and varicose swellings are relieved and cured. This Treatment is the rational sensible treatment for Varicose Veins.

Sufferers should know that injections, which aim at clotting the blood in the veins, are frequently quite a failure and sometimes do harm instead of good. Tremol Treatment does good all the time, because it frees the circulation and thereby gets at the root cause of the trouble. Get the free Book now which tells you all about your Varicose Veins, and learn how they should be treated. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. They should treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. The Book is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins. Write to-day.

WHAT TREMOL USERS SAY.

Thousands upon thousands of cured sufferers have voluntarily (without asking) written to us in glowing terms reporting that the Treatment has cured them. These reports of cures and grand progress pour into our office every day. They are all voluntarily given in good will and gratitude, as we have never asked anyone for a testimonial, and don't need to. These thousands of testimonials are every one guaranteed genuine as received, and—please note this point—they are properly authenticated with the date and full names and full addresses of the cured sufferers.

WE QUOTE A FEW OUT OF THOUSANDS RECEIVED.

From: **H. LE ROSSIGNOL,**
Tobacco and Cigar Importer,
31 and 7, Boroeford St., and 2, Cable St.,
St. Heliers, Jersey.
October 24th/1934.
Dear Sirs,
Your letter of the 19th inst. to hand, and pleased to inform you that my leg is perfectly cured and am very satisfied with your cure.
Please pass on this letter to your doctor for his satisfaction, and many thanks for your letter.
Yours faithfully, H. Le Rossignol.

"I THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART."

I had a terrible leg when I started your treatment. It used to swell up twice the size, and the wound was very deep. My leg is now healed up without a scar, and I feel as fit as a fiddle again. It is all owing to your Treatment. I wish I had heard about you earlier, it would have saved lots of pain and pounds of money.
Yours sincerely,
(Mr.) E. J. Loomes,
81, Irchester Road,
Rushden, Northants.
Oct. 8th/1934.

"YOUR WONDERFUL TREATMENT."

My leg was dreadful when I read your advertisement in my weekly paper. It was just one big raw patch. I could hardly stand, and began to think I should never get better. After your marvellous Treatment, I can walk anywhere and stand all day without pain. It has healed up wonderfully.
(Mrs.) F. Worthington,
Hinckley Lane,
Higham-on-the-Hill,
Nr. Emscote.
August 23rd/1934.

"TWELVE YEARS OF AGONY ENDED."

With great pleasure I thank you for the great kindness you have done for me in healing my leg. I suffered twelve long years of agony, and paid big doctors' bills to no purpose. I am now able to do all my housework and washing, and also go for nice long walks, which I was not able to do for years. I have never felt so well for years as I do now. I cannot speak too highly of the Tremol Treatment, and for the kindness and attention I received at your hands.
(Mrs.) L. Watson,
14, Comdery Road,
Huddersfield, Herts.
January 2nd/1934.

N.B.—Tremol is a Treatment specially for leg troubles. Only suitable cases are accepted for Treatment. The types of leg complaint suitable, and in which the Treatment brings excellent results, are as follows:—LEG WOUNDS OR ULCERS, ECZEMA OF ALL KINDS, VARICOSE VEINS AND HEAVINESS, ACHING, CONGESTION AND INFLAMMATION, ALSO SWOLLEN OR PAINFUL LEGS AND THE AFTER EFFECTS OF ACUTE PHLEBITIS.

You must get the Book if you suffer from any of these leg troubles. It is of vital importance to you. It tells you all about this wonderful treatment, and how you can make your leg well.

3/6 Book Free to Sufferers.

Sign the coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be cured. Address your letter to Superintendent, National College of Health, Ward BL, Great Clowes St., Broughton, Manchester.

FREE COUPON

Address: NATIONAL COLLEGE OF HEALTH,
Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send valuable book and all particulars of Treatment free of charge.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

State Complaint.....

Ward
B.L.



National College of Health, Ltd.

WEEKLY INFORMATION from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS



GREAT Daily Paper MYSTERY



THE grandiose appeal to women to unite to support "The Call" is symbolised by the figure above, which appears on the literature lately broadcast by the company. Womanhood generally has displayed a great reluctance to respond!

IT is to women that I particularly address my article this week, for the good reason that women throughout the country are being invited to support an extraordinary project.

Just lately there has been a revival of activity in different parts to secure subscriptions from women for a strange organisation which goes by the name of "The Call, Ltd."

Evidence comes to me of an extensive canvass in a Devon seaside town to obtain financial support for this enterprise, while the same kind of thing is taking place in a Middlesex suburb of London. So clearly the call of "The Call" is being sounded widely.

Now "The Call, Ltd." is a purely commercial—and as I shall show—fantastic enterprise, which is registered as a friendly society, under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts.

And the object of "The Call, Ltd." is to establish a daily newspaper, owned and controlled by women only.

Whether such a scheme for a women's newspaper is feasible, or likely of success, is not for me to say. I am simply concerned with the conduct and character of this friendly society.

Fight, right, might

I turn to the touting literature: "Share Capital: £1,000,000, divided into ordinary shares of £1 each at par. No woman can hold more than two hundred shares, nor less than one share of £1 in value."

"The Call" is at present in the flotation stage (my italics) and is managed by the Founder, an experienced journalist, who is assisted by a Committee of Capable Women, all giving their services gratis.

By registering "The Call, Ltd." under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts the enormous initial outlay of the usual Limited Company has been avoided; also 1 per cent. Capital Duty.

"The objects of 'The Call, Ltd.' are to publish a non-Party, clean, up-to-date Daily newspaper, entitled 'The Call,' and to carry on a printing and publishing business."

"When the call came in 1914 men answered it in millions. The Call now

is to 1,000,000 women of every nation, irrespective of rank, colour or creed, to come out and arm against arms, to fight for Right against Might, and to promote international friendship."

Later in the circular there is this statement:—

"As a business proposition 'The Call' will be unique, because:—

"IT WILL PAY FROM ITS FIRST ISSUE."

"A daily paper in which so many women are financially interested will attract an abnormal number of advertisers."

At the present time the campaign on behalf of "The Call" is being "conducted" by Mrs. Annie Colles, the chairman and founder, from the "General Promotion Offices," 31, Collingham Place, London, which, incidentally, is the private address of Mrs. Colles.

Called in vain

In her broadcast letters to women, asking for money, Mrs. Colles, writes on paper impressively headed "The Call—The First Daily Paper Owned By Women." The letter-paper bears also a list of distinguished and titled women whose names are given as "representative shareholders."

Says Mrs. Colles in her letters: "Progressive women of every class, from all over the world, have already become shareholders. By the payment of £1 or upwards, once and for all, they have taken up the proud position of Pioneers in this Great Movement. In the margin are a few names representative of these pioneers. Will you also become one and help to spread the propaganda as widely as possible?"

Really, it is time that this "Great Movement" was placed in its true perspective. For "The Call" is nothing but an idea in being.

Actually "The Call" has been "in the flotation stage" for the past seven years, for it was in December, 1927, that the company was first registered as a "friendly society."

There are obvious reasons for registering a commercial concern in that manner, because the circulars explain quite candidly that "the enormous initial outlay of the usual limited company has been avoided, also 1 per cent. capital duty."

Investigation at the Registry of Friendly Societies, however, reveals some highly illuminating facts concerning "The Call." From the last return, which was filed in April, 1934, it is apparent

that "The Call" is in a completely hopeless financial condition.

Of the million pounds which Mrs. Colles is modest enough to ask as working capital, only £3,101 has been subscribed in shares. And that has all been spent.

"The Call"—according to the last return—has what is described as a "deficit balance" of £3,064. The only tangible assets shown are an item of £67 17s. cash in hand and at bank, and furniture valued at £22 14s. 10d.

Yet Mrs. Colles, chairman and founder, still persists in seeking further subscriptions.

In the particulars lodged with the Registrar of Friendly Societies, Mrs. Colles is given as the only official in receipt or in charge of money. To cover her liability a fidelity bond of £50 has been secured.

Apparently in the past there was some difficulty over the collection of subscriptions.

for on one annual return there is this significant note by the auditors:

"The shares issued have been vouched and agreed with the counterfoils of the share certificates and with those counterfoils of original receipts which were produced for audit."

"I understand, however, that a large number of counterfoil receipt books, bearing the printed name of 'The Call, Ltd.' are in the hands of various shareholders throughout the country."

"The majority of those have not been produced, the committee having decided that it would be impracticable to collect them."

"It has therefore been impossible to

verify that all money received on account of 'The Call' by the various agents has been remitted to headquarters."

Rather scathing comment!

The renewed campaign indicates that someone must have faith in the scheme and its capacity of subscription raising for an indefinite period.

Last year, the original rules of this odd friendly society company were altered in an important respect. That amendment decreed that the first chairman and founder (Mrs. Colles) shall hold office until the first issue of "The Call" and for at least five years thereafter.

As "The Call" is hardly likely to be issued, Mrs. Colles seems to be committed to her appointment for the period of her natural life.

Side by side with "The Call" another strange organisation is conducted from the headquarters at 31, Collingham Place, South Kensington.

This is the Women's International Peace Crusade, which is also a subscription seeking society. For the fee of a shilling, which covers the supply of a badge—a white dove—a woman becomes a crusader.

Can it float?

A kind of snowball business attaches to the organisation. Thus ten crusaders become a unit; ten units a company, and so on until a full brigade of dove wearers is formed.

Canvassing for crusaders is carried on simultaneously with canvassing for shareholders to "The Call." General propaganda against war and armaments is utilised also as an argument for women to give their money to the proposed newspaper.

I can only congratulate Mrs. Colles on her unbounded optimism and her faith in the generosity of womankind. But I cannot help feeling that the time has come when she should realise the futility of clinging to a project which has been "in the flotation stage" for seven years, and shows no prospect of doing anything more than "float" in this unsatisfactory state of suspended animation.

Homely Wisdom—

—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

STARTING AGAIN

WHEN German credit collapsed after the war thousands of formerly well-to-do people were ruined. The mark, whose value used to be rather more than a shilling of our currency, depreciated to fantastic figures. It speedily became worth no more than a tiny fraction of a penny.

One couple who had been thrifty and worked hard all through their married life in order to save enough to keep the wolf from the door in old age found their little store reduced to almost nothing. What had taken them over forty years to accumulate was now equivalent to about half a crown in English money. They bought a bottle of wine with it and drank each other's health before starting life anew.

How they got on later I don't know. It must have been a stern ordeal for them to face in their impoverished country and with youth behind them, the fruits of their toil and self-denial of forty years all gone.

There are many similar reversals of fortune that could be chronicled in our own land, though few perhaps so dramatic. Not everybody can face the New Year with hope and energy, especially if vitality has declined and the blows of fate have been heavy in the past.

A report just made to me concerning the health of an old friend to whom I had sent the usual season's greetings is that his loved ones are worried about him because they cannot interest him in anything. He has lost heart.

Every year up to now he has pulled himself together and tackled his troubles cheerily after every fresh stroke of ill-luck. He says he can do so no more.

Without doubt there are other readers of these words, young as well as old, who

feel much the same. Daunted by repeated defeats, by long-continued weariness and hardship, by expectations frustrated, and success snatched out of their hands, they cannot bring themselves to look forward with bright confidence again.

One man goes to pieces because he has been deserted by his nearest and dearest on whom he thought he could always count; he sadly realises that a man's value in his own home circle is apt to rise or fall with his power of holding his own in the world.

Another has been robbed by death of the cherished companionship that made his hardest struggles worth while.

A third has given way to bad habits and feels he can never recover lost ground. Yet another feels he has never had a chance and that it is now too late to make good; his place in life is just the one for which he seems least fitted, and his burdens are too heavy for him to bear.

All this is delusion; it is a cheat, a temptation to turn your back on the light that shines on the pathway of every man or woman who has faith enough to face life's responsibilities without shrinking. It is false to hold that life must be unhappy or its prospects dreary and meaningless.

To any unselfish soul there is always something worth living for; and if we do our best with it the glow of interior gladness is our reward. A great living teacher says: "Any man can do anything if he believes he can."

Have faith in yourself, faith in the goodness of life, and, above all, faith in God, and it will carry you safely through the worst that can happen. Start out and keep on with it. It is your surest guarantee of A Happy New Year.

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The positions are both permanent and progressive and the Company, which has its own huge factory and thousands of employees, is just approaching its best period of the year. Reply in confidence, giving particulars of age, experience, etc., to:—THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES, LTD., Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

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YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for entrance and promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars free, or advice about other careers Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free. Dept. 149, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

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TURN to the Universal Stores offer on page 35. This firm will pay you for introducing their firm's bargains to your friends. Write to-day for full particulars.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. Write, The Smokers' Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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The enormous value of YEAST VITE as a health tonic remedy, particularly for those whose health is not up to par, is fully explained by the testimony appearing in the advt. on page 14. Turn to this now!

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A FREE trial package of Dr. Blosser's Catarrhes, which alleviate catarrhal troubles, etc., etc., will be sent to readers who fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 35.

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STEEDMAN'S FAMOUS BOOK. "How to Mothers." is offered free on p. 23.

FREE.—Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" and "Everybody's Doctor."—Write, mention John Bull, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. The offer appears on page 33.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Lapid Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Properties, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash payment.—Bentley & Co. 65 Bond St. London W.1.

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A CAPITAL IDEA FOR 1935. Become a regular patron of John Bull's "Shop Window" advertisers and save money. Only reliable traders are allowed to seek your custom, and every offer is covered by the John Bull Advertisement Guarantee of Satisfaction of Buyer's Back. Send for a bargain this week-end. Turn to pages 2 and 3 and see what you want!

A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on the Back Cover.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shaves" the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

WHEN buying tinned soups rely upon a name that is a guarantee of purity. See that you get CHEF SOUPS, which contain the best fresh-gathered vegetables that money can buy, and only 4d. per large tin! The family tin, price 6d., makes eight great plateaus. Turn to page 26.

FREE.—A de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon Skinfood Creams and also 11 packets of Tokalon Powder will be sent to readers who send 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing and other expenses, to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422A), Chase Road, London. This offer appears in the advt. on page 25.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, P.P.S. and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the Back Cover.

PERSONAL.

MISSING FROM HOME. many people have gone out in search of a January sale bargain and are still looking for one! Anyone who is finding these folk should show them a copy of John Bull and point to the numerous bargains advertised in the "Shop Window" on pages 2 and 3.

NAIL-BITING.—How to cure yourself of this of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. Send for the free explanatory booklet mentioned in advt. of Filix, Ltd., on page 3.

Impostor Doctor's Amazing Frauds



Wearing his curious uniform, here is "Lieut.-Col." Martin proudly established on the deck

public interest that it should be fully exposed, for it reveals how fatally easy it is for anyone with sufficient daring and a smattering of medical knowledge to secure responsible appointments in a professional capacity.

In this case Martin completely deceived the officials of a famous shipping line, got himself posted as a ship's doctor and sustained the masquerade in a way which would be dismissed as "impossible" if described in a work of fiction.

Posing as Lieut.-Col. R. B. Martin, late of the Indian Medical Service, he claimed a distinguished war record, boasting, in

addition to the ordinary medals, from the 1914 Star onwards, the Distinguished Service Order, the Military Cross and the French Croix de Guerre.

Not content with this galaxy of distinctions, Lieut.-Col. Martin also claimed to have held a commission as a surgeon-commander in the Royal Naval Reserve, and explained that in addition to military war service overseas, he had also served some time in the British Navy.

Ordinary people would say that any vessel was to be accounted lucky to have such a medical officer. The usual ship's doctor cannot claim accomplishments and distinctions equal to those of Lieut.-Col. Martin of the Indian Medical Service, or, to give him his alternative title, Surgeon-Commander Martin, R.N.R.

Without question the credentials of this doctor were accepted when he was appointed to the motor ship *Medon*, and he also passed, without doubt or query, through the inspection of the Board of Trade department at Birkenhead.

He tripped up

A point of some curiosity about Martin was the uniform he chose to wear. It was a kind of hybrid; a monkey-jacket with the criss-cross rings of a R.N.R. surgeon-commander, but with Royal Naval Volunteer buttons, and what was perhaps more glaring—a coloured tie.

Still, such small discrepancies might escape notice in a merchant ship "tramping" to the other side of the world.

However, there was one person aboard the *Medon* who doubted the good faith and honesty of Lieut.-Col. Martin, D.S.O., M.C. That was the first officer, who happened to be a real commander of the Royal Naval Reserve, with a true war record.

Naturally, as one R.N.R. man to another, the first officer and the doctor talked about their naval experiences.

One of the ships in which the doctor said he had served was the great battleship *Rodney*. The doctor, indeed, was

very full of stories about the *Rodney*, including a remarkable anecdote of how he was in the battleship when she went into dry dock at Sheerness.

Now Sheerness is an ancient and honourable dockyard, but it just does not happen to have a dock that will take a vessel anywhere near the size of *Rodney's* thirty-three thousand tons.

Funny how those minor mistakes will trip up the most accomplished liar; although Martin, with his long practice in deceit, should have made more certain about his naval details when talking to a sailor, who chanced to know Sheerness from the Gun Wharf to Barton's Point Battery.

The man is, of course, a complete fraud. Apart from being no doctor at all, he is not a lieutenant-colonel; has not served in the Indian Medical Service, and has never held commissioned rank in the Royal Naval Reserve. He is not entitled to the decorations he wears.

Romancing

About events in his past unsavoury career we shall have something to say later in this article. For the moment we are concerned with his gigantic deception in passing himself off as a qualified medical man; securing by false pretences a position with an important shipping company, and satisfying the normal investigation of the Board of Trade.

Although the first officer of the *Medon* guessed Martin to be romancing in the matter of war adventures, he never imagined that the medical part of the doctor's history was equally imaginary.

So Lieut.-Col. Martin carried on as the ship's medical officer, and, in point of fact, he had a considerable amount to do during the voyage. The captain was ill for long periods, and needed constant attention. Then one of the deck hands met with a serious accident and Martin even went to the length of performing an operation with a general anæsthetic administered to the patient!

It was when the ship called at her first port, Jacksonville, in the United States, that Martin succeeded in his greatest bluff. He imposed on the port medical authorities, and was accepted as such an important person that he was made honorary member of the principal club in the city, and a fine motor-car was placed at his disposal by the chief of police.

He even attended a sitting of the local assize court, and as a distinguished visitor was given a seat on the bench by the side of the judge.

From Jacksonville, the *Medon* sailed across the world to Java, Dutch East Indies, and put in at Batavia.

Lying in the harbour at the same time was the new German light cruiser *Emden*, and Martin had the effrontery to pay a formal visit to the cruiser as "the representative of the British and Indian Army."

He dressed himself in his full uniform, his chest ablaze with decoration and medal ribbons, and was entertained by the German naval officers to lunch in the ward room. Later a party of German officers paid their return call on the "lieutenant-colonel" aboard the *Medon*.

In addition "Lieut.-Col. Martin" received the hospitality of British and other consuls in the port.

After Batavia, the *Medon* voyaged on to Surabaya, and there, owing to the condition of his health, the captain of the ship had to be put ashore, and Martin remained ashore also to take medical charge of the patient. During his time at Surabaya he was provided with free quarters at a first-class hotel. Incidentally he contracted a number of debts in the towns, which he failed to pay.

Martin did not, however, rejoin the *Medon*. This ship was brought home by the chief officer as acting master.

Defaulter

It was then that another side of Martin's despicable character was discovered. He had borrowed extensively from the junior officers of the ship, and had not returned the loans. Moreover, the funds of the ship's football team were missing. The supposed doctor had acted as treasurer of the football fund, and had meanly pocketed the money provided by the officers for the recreation ashore of the crew.

To secure money from the junior officers Martin lyingly pretended that he had influence with the directors of the line and had been instructed to make private reports concerning those officers of the *Medon* who were suitable for rapid promotion.

After that he commenced his campaign of borrowing. The fellow was completely without scruple.

Eventually he returned to Europe by another ship, after a health breakdown at Singapore, where he had fever, and there met a wealthy man, who engaged him as his medical attendant for the journey home via the South of France.

It may come as a shock to our readers that such an unscrupulous rogue, with only a superficial knowledge of medical practice and procedure, should be able to impose his personality on scores of people, gain money by false pretences and appear as a duly registered and approved medical man.

Discreditable

Until now nothing whatever has been published regarding the exploits of "Lieut.-Col. Martin," otherwise "Surgeon-Commander Martin, R.N.R.," and his voyage as doctor in the ship *Medon*.

In addition to posing as a doctor for a number of years, Martin, who is also known as Percy Seymour Kelly, has, as occasion served him, taken the character of a clergyman and an accountant. When he was last sentenced he asked that thirty-four other cases of obtaining money by false pretences should be taken into consideration!

But even then nothing was divulged about his colourful and discreditable adventures as medical officer of a British merchant ship.

The complete exposure we have now given should effectively curtail any further attempts of this man to appear as a doctor.

VOLUME OF A LIFETIME!

ON pages 4 and 5 to-day there is a New Year surprise for every reader—the opportunity of securing a wonderful 50-volume Lifetime Library of the world's greatest books.

At the cost of only 1½d. a day, this gallery of the masterpieces of literature can be yours.

The Library has been specially produced for the occasion in a new, beautiful and uniform edition, bound in lustrous red silk-grained cloth, lettered and decorated in 22-carat gold. It is printed in large clear type on specially selected pure opaque paper.

Romance, Love, Tragedy, Comedy, Immortal Plays and Essays, all combined—unabridged and unaltered—between the covers of these 50 beautiful volumes.

Turn at once to pages 4 and 5 and take the first steps towards securing this 50-volume Lifetime Library to-day.

BUT for our recent exposure of impostor doctors, this article could never have been published, and one of the most amazing masquerades ever perpetrated would have remained a fast secret.

It so chanced that our exposure mentioned, among numerous others, a bogus doctor named Martin as having served a prison sentence for certain misdemeanours. This reference caught the eye of a reader in the North of England, who instantly recalled an encounter with a spurious medical man of that name.

Astonishing life

He invited us to compare notes, and as a result it has been established beyond question that the Dr. Martin he encountered is identical with the one to whom we referred. Now our reader's public-spirited co-operation enables us to lay bare a phase of this impostor's astonishing life that has hitherto escaped publicity.

No doubt Martin would wish it to remain hidden; but it is decidedly in the



e industrial Saar

ON Sunday the whole world will be watching a tiny patch of territory on the borders of France and Germany—about the size of Westmorland—in which a sort of general election is being held.

That little "district" of wooded hills and deep valleys is the Saar. Not so many months ago few people, apart from "experts in foreign affairs," could have told you whether the Saar was "a mountain, a river or a town."

Now all the world is watching. And four nations have provided troops to police the district while the Saarlanders go to the poll.

From England have come the men of the East Lancs and the Essex regiments and the armoured cars of the 12th Lancers. With them are troops from Italy and Holland and Sweden. A miniature international police force under the command of a British General.

For, as everyone now knows, Sunday's election is not just to determine the fate of a Government. It is to decide the fate of the Saar itself. And that is of moment far outside its own narrow borders.

The Saarlanders have to choose on Sunday whether they and their land shall be

- (a) Joined to Germany, or
- (b) Joined to France, or
- (c) Made into a little State on its own, under the control of the League of Nations.

How comes it that in 1935, seventeen years after the end of the war, it still has to be decided whether this bit of territory shall be German or French, or a tiny buffer State?

Why this fuss over a piece of hilly country the size of Westmorland?

The first answer is—coal. The Saar may be little, but it is very rich.

Its annual coal output is over 10,000,000 tons—half that of Belgium. Its reserves of coal are estimated at



Bob Green, the Englishman appointed as Deputy Chief Returning Officer for the Plebiscite

SUNDAY'S BIG "IF"

3,000,000,000 tons—twice those of France.

Moreover, it is, as it were, next door to the big iron-ore fields of Lorraine.

So, during the war, the French began quietly to add to their claim for the restoration of Lorraine a claim for the annexation of the Saar. That claim was included in the secret treaty M. Doumergue made in the Tsar's Government in 1917.

And when the Peace Conference opened M. Clemenceau tabled a claim for the "liberation of the Saar" from German domination. He and M. Tardieu argued that France had irrefutable "historic claims" to the greater portion of the territory. The population was either French in sympathy, or could be quickly won over.

The British and Americans, well aware that the population was overwhelmingly German in blood and sentiment and that the historical arguments were of a flimsy character, took objection. The French changed their ground. They pleaded instead that they must have the Saar mines as compensation for the damage done by the Germans to the mines in the North of France.

Wouldn't "go French"

There was long argument, and, at last, a compromise. For fifteen years after the coming into force of the Treaty of Versailles, the Saar mines were to be held by and worked for the French Government. The territory itself was to be administered by a Commission appointed by the League of Nations.

And after fifteen years there should be a plebiscite to determine the future status of the territory.

There is no doubt that the French believed that by one means and another the Saar people could be in those fifteen years induced to desert their German allegiance.

The League of Nations' administration was skilfully given a definitely French twist. The first High Commissioner was a Frenchman speaking not a word of German. His colleagues were a Belgian, a Dane living in Paris, a Saarlander who has since become a Frenchman, and a Canadian.

Only the Canadian, to the great disappointment of those who had expected a French Canadian with a strong French bias, proved himself a man of independence.

German officials were expelled, Frenchmen brought in. French schools were opened. French money was put in circulation. Every conceivable economic inducement was quietly offered to those Saarlanders who would "go French."

Nazi complications

But the only result of it all was to make the Saarlanders more consciously, more solidly German than ever. Neither propaganda nor pressure had any but the opposite effect to that desired.

And gradually the French, realising that it was quite hopeless, gave up the attempt.

The French High Commissioner was replaced first by a Canadian, then, in succession, by two Englishmen—first Sir Ernest Wilton, now Mr. Geoffrey Knox. The French troops were withdrawn. The propaganda died away.

The Saar began to settle down, more

or less contentedly, to wait for the plebiscite which would reunite it with Germany.

The general estimate was that the plebiscite would show a majority of at least 95 per cent. for Germany. But then, at the beginning of 1933, came Hitler and the Nazi Revolution. The whole situation in the Saar changed, as it were, overnight.

For, though the vast majority of the Saarlanders were German, only a small minority were Nazis. Of the working-class population some were Communists, some were Social - Democrats, most were members of Catholic Trade Unions—for 72 per cent. of the Saarlanders are Catholics.

Nearly all of them, by the way, are in one way or another occupied in the mines or the steelworks or the allied industries. Only 8 per cent. are in agriculture and forestry.

New struggle

For the Saar worker, especially if he were a known Socialist or Communist, the prospect of returning to Germany was one thing, the prospect of returning to a Nazi Germany was another. The Catholics, if they had less cause for actual fear, had cause for anxiety. In the average Saarlander's mind there was aroused a tragic conflict between his passionate desire for reunion with the mother country and his dread of coming under the Nazi régime.

A new political struggle began to arise out of this conflict. The Saar, with only two years to go to the plebiscite, became the centre of an intense battle of propaganda.

On the one hand the German Government and the Nazi Party, with unlimited funds and man power at their disposal, began an intensive campaign, not merely to make the Saarlanders German (that was superfluous), but to make them Nazi. And, Nazis being Nazis, with propaganda went intimidation.

There had always been a certain amount—not, under the circumstances, unnaturally. People suspected of being "pro-French" or dubiously patriotic were apt to be boycotted or cold-shouldered.

But in the past two years, especially during the past few months,

organised intimidation has developed to a point at which Mr. Knox, the present High Commissioner for the territory, has been driven to declare it a "grave menace to public order."

There has not been very much open violence. The only two deaths so far have been two Nazis, killed in brawls. But there has been a whispering campaign of threats, there have been dismissals and boycotts, and a few cases of kidnapping and beating up.

There have been meetings broken up. And "incidents" have naturally multiplied as polling-day draws near.

But Mr. Knox, ruling with a firm hand, has suppressed Nazi organisations of the Storm Troop type. Flag-flying, provocative demonstrations, and the rest have been forbidden. The Saar has been, on the whole, very quiet indeed. With a none too adequate police force the Commission has preserved order.

But though Mr. Knox has been able to keep order, he has not been able to stop a steady intimidation propaganda of the "wait until after January 13" type.

And if the Nazi propaganda has been intensified, so has the propaganda of the opposition.

It has been helped and strengthened, too, by the fact that into the Saar have come many thousands of Socialist and Communist and Jewish refugees from Germany itself.

They will not be able to vote in the plebiscite: for the vote is confined to those who were living in the Saar in 1920. But they have found there a new battleground on which to fight the enemy who has driven them from their homes. And they



THE FUTURE of EUROPE DEPENDS ON IT



Nazi flags fly for one day
only as the British troops
march through Saarbrücken

found, too, a refuge which, though outside Hitler's clutches, is German.

And so, whereas, before 1933, there had been no real struggle to get the Saar from going back to Germany, to-day there is an intense struggle. Very strongly, very ferociously, the Saar anti-Nazis insist that they are as German, as patriotic as any Nazi.

They want the Saar to return to Germany. But, in hope that Hitler's collapse and freedom be restored to the Reich, they want the return postponed. They asked at first for postponement of the plebiscite. But this is impossible under the Treaty. Now they call upon the Saarlanders to vote for the "status quo," to keep the Saar for a little longer a fortress of German freedom, under the guardianship of the League of Nations, in the faith that, should Hitler fall, the League will give them a second plebiscite, a chance to vote themselves back to a united Fatherland.

Rumours . . .

The issue they urge is not between "Germany" and "not-Germany," but between freedom and tyranny. Which the "German Front" resists, that the one issue is "Germany," that any one who speaks or votes against immediate return is a traitor to the Fatherland. And as the plebiscite has been drawn near, so the struggle has been more intense. There have been rumours of a coming Nazi coup d'état, of a coming Communist revolution. All probably just rumours.

But behind them a real danger of violent conflict and bloodshed.

That is why British and Italian and Dutch and Swedish troops have gone out to the Saar to reinforce the local police, to make sure that there is no clash in the Saar that might mean danger for all Europe.

For even more dangerous than the peril of disorder is the danger that even more perilous methods might be taken to suppress it.

The first idea, which came from the recently assassinated French Foreign Minister, M. Barthou, was full of the most terrible possibilities. It was that nothing should be done before, but that, if and when there was trouble, French troops should march in to "restore order."

The mere thought of such a thing is enough to give any European statesman cold shivers and sleepless nights. Think of a row in Saarbrücken, of a mob getting out of control, of powerless police asking for help, of French troops rushing in, firing on the crowd, of a score of Germans dead in the streets.

The wave of passionate anger that would run over Germany would mean terrible danger of immediate war: that would destroy for a generation all chance of Franco-German friendship and replace it by an implacable hatred.

From that danger the declaration of Mr. Anthony Eden, as the British Government's representative on the Council of the League of Nations, saved Europe and the world. Troops have been sent to the Saar in time; the fact that they are there reduces all chance of disorder to a minimum.

And even if the worst should come and force have to be used, it will

not be by "French invaders," but by an international police force acting under the League of Nations, by the consent and with the approval of the German Government.

But the odds are that, thanks to the British Government and the League (and, in fairness be it said, to the strict orders given by Hitler), Sunday's vote will be a peaceful, possibly even a dull, affair.

What then?

The Saarlanders have three choices.

They may vote for France. But that is unthinkable. Even the French propagandists of the "French Association of the Saar" are telling people not to waste their votes by voting "France," but to vote "status quo." There will only be the tiniest handful of votes for France.

They may vote for the "status quo." And that is a prospect which has been giving a lot of responsible people a lot of worry.

It would certainly save some hundreds or thousands of Saarlanders—known Socialists, known Communists, known workers for the "Freedom Front"—from exile or the concentration camps. It would certainly deal a tremendous blow at Hitler's prestige. But statesmen are thinking of other things than these. They are thinking of the future peace of Europe.

Constant danger

If on Sunday the Saar were to give a majority (it could not possibly be more than a small one) for the "status quo," there would be very alarming prospects ahead.

In the Saar itself the League of Nations would have to continue to govern a territory in which nearly half the population would be bitterly resentful, openly rebellious, determined to make all government impossible. The danger of a rising or of continual sabotage and terrorism would be so constant that the place could hardly be held except by a strong permanent garrison: and who would provide the troops for such a job?

That is one side of the question. The other is Germany itself. Hitler's prestige would be damaged in the world. But in Germany the result would be attributed to Jewish intrigue, to French intrigue, to the wickedness of Mr. Knox, to tampering with the ballot, to this, that and the other. The Germans would de-



Geoffrey Knox. He has ruled with a firm hand

clare that they had been tricked and defrauded, that there is no justice for Germany either at Geneva or elsewhere.

There would be an end of any hope of Germany's coming back to the League of Nations, an end of any hope of Franco-German reconciliation. The Saar would become for Germany what Alsace was for France, a "lost province" to be recovered by whatever means.

The Saar Nazis would be helped by the German Nazis. A bitter campaign would start which could only end either in the cession of the territory to Germany after all or in some violent upheaval which would have in it all the requisites for starting a European war.

Best for everyone

That is why all sorts of responsible statesmen who must not say anything publicly are secretly praying that Sunday will show a vote for Germany.

The chances are, overwhelmingly, that it will. Only the most ardent propagandists of the "Freedom Front" profess to believe that they have a chance of winning. Every more or less impartial observer believes that the only question is the size of the German majority—whether it will be 60 or 70, 80 or 90 per cent.

And then?

Then the League of Nations Council, meeting immediately after, will no doubt decide to hand over the territory as quickly as the technical arrangements can be made. There should be no difficulty about the economic consequences—and among them the repurchase by Germany of the mines.

The Saar will pass, like the rest of Germany, under Nazi rule. There is, for what it is worth, a promise of indemnity for twelve months. The emigrés will move on, their numbers swollen by those Saarlanders who do not trust the promise and know themselves marked down on the Nazi black-lists.

And the workers of the Saar, like their neighbours of the Rhineland and the Palatinate, will pass under the despotism of Herr Hitler.

It is not a cheerful outlook either way. But for Europe as a whole, if not for the unfortunate Saarlanders, there is no doubt that the return of the Saar will bring relief from a situation which has been full of menace to its people.

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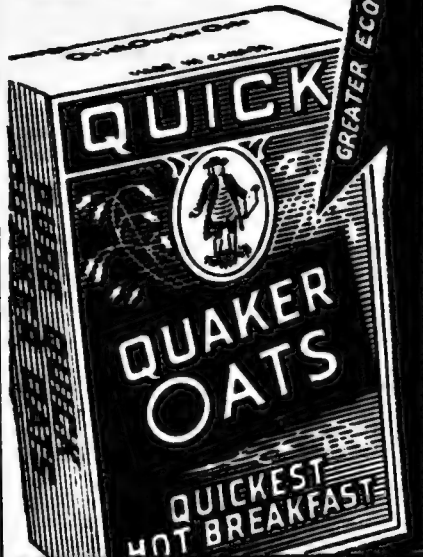
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My DOG brings me a BRIDIE



"We ran all the way home with him, Riff careering alongside with an excited barking"

YOU wouldn't give half a crown for my dog—if that much! A collie and a bull-terrier must have laughed when it was born, because it took its shape from both; as ungainly as any mongrel could be.

But looks don't count with animals, any more than they can be said to stamp the worth of humans. And that explains Riff. I called him Riff-Raff when I first picked him up on the roadside near Kirkby Lonsdale. He came whimpering to me for a bit of sandwich I was enjoying while motoring home to my Cumberland cottage. He got the crusts—all that remained—and he refused to leave me afterwards.

He was just a bit of canine flotsam—but I would not part with him to-day for a thousand pounds. Strong as a mule, stout-hearted as a lion, affectionate as a mother towards her children—that's Riff.

WHEN my neighbour came to live in the new house next door, the proud possessor of a valuable pedigreed Irish setter, he laughed at the comical looks of Riff. Until I told him the story I want to tell here—and, believe me, when I had done, and Riff came to the garden fence to lean his shaggy head against my knee, my neighbour touched his cap and said:

"Pleased to meet you, old boy," in a tone of voice that dispelled any suggestion of joking.

You see, Riff saved my son and got me a wife at the same time. An awkward sort of claim when you analyse it! When my boy Jim was born his mother was taken from me. Life was a queer mixture of sorrow and joy for many a day afterwards. There were just

the two of us to begin with, and a nurse. Then my sister, from Newcastle, came to keep house for us until she got married, by which time Jim was three years old. Within two months I had three housekeepers—one robbed me wholesale; another expected to have her relations stay with us every week-end; and another thought that her engagement was a preliminary test for marriage.

I was becoming desperate. My work as road engineer took me away from home a great deal, and it worried me intensely to think of little Jim, as bright and splendid a little fellow as you would care to possess, being left to the doubtful care of women who had no more interest in him than if he were a piece of furniture in the house.

Then came Anne. She took up residence in our village as a music teacher. She quickly built up a good clientele, using a push-bike to go out into the countryside to give lessons to the children of farmers and at some of the big houses.

During her first winter, just a month or so before my sister left me, she joined our amateur dramatic society, of which I was producer. That is how we got to know each other.

She was invited to the house by my sister, and soon she became a great friend, with Jim openly adoring her and coming to refer to her as "Goldilocks"—because she was as fair as corn, and when she laughed it was the loveliest sound I had heard. From which you'll gather that Jim wasn't the only one who began to worship her.

I fell quickly and hopelessly in love with her. Soon I began to have visions of her coming to stay with us for good, filling a tremendous gap in our lives and bringing her happiness with her.

Strangely enough, as these things happen, the piece we chose to play that winter for our annual production was

**JOHN
BULL
Readers'
Stories
112**

"Phantom Battle," an American domestic tragi-comedy by Tallyburton.

Broadly, it dealt with the interplay of emotions of a beautiful young widow and her son, and the widow's love for a man who feared that in the son was an insurmountable obstacle to their complete happiness. Anne took the part of the young widow, and I had the pleasure of coaching her.

One night after rehearsal, a week before the public performance in our local hall, I motored Anne to her lodgings, only half a mile or so away. I passed her place to get to my own cottage, which was two miles farther out, near the cross-roads of the main route to Carlisle. Outside of where she lived I shut off the engine, and we sat talking, about the play, about the people, about Lily, my sister, about Jim.

"You'll be very lonely when Lily goes next month," Anne said.

I agreed with her, and felt I was standing on the edge of a wilderness. The thought of Anne, so near to me and so desirable, and both Jim and myself needing someone like her to make life worth while, keyed me up to a pitch of emotional urgency—and I asked her to marry me.

She didn't say anything at first. She just slipped out a hand, held mine with a tight squeeze, and then I saw from the glow of the dashboard lamp that there were tears in her eyes.

"GIVE me time to think, Bob," she said. "D—do you love me?" I asked fearfully.

"Yes—I certainly do, my dear," and she leaned towards me and I took her in my arms and I kissed her. "But give me time to think things over. You see," and she laughed tremulously, "I'm thinking of that play we're doing. You know how that son became a barrier between the two—the two lovers—"

"But that's just make-believe," I protested, half angry and sick with disappointment.

"It seems pretty true when you're acting it," she said, and then, kissing me quickly, she opened the door by her side and slipped out, waving to me as she went up the path.

My sister went, and my succession of housekeepers began. The performance of the play was given and acclaimed a success. Then Anne went to London to take another diploma in pianoforte playing—and Jim and I were left alone, both rather desolate human beings, wondering where all the chopping and changing would end.

Jim would climb up on to my knee, and being assured again that his Aunt Lily would not be coming back to live with us, would ask plaintively:

"When is Goldilocks coming, daddy?" I told him not for another week, as she was going down to visit a brother in Brighton after her examination. To

(Continued on page 24)

MY COMPLEXION SECRET... is in the Olive Oil in Palmolive

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"Younger men were after my job"

"Then my wife gave me this wonderful tip"

"I knew my job backwards," writes Mr. F. R., Chelsea, London, "But, somehow, not being as young as I used to be, work tired me out more than before. I kept forgetting things. By the end of a day's work I felt finished . . .

"Younger men than me were coming on in the firm. They hadn't got my experience, but they had 'go' and vitality. The directors wanted new blood. If my job went, I was finished.

"Every night my wife could see I just wanted to be alone. She was worried sick. Finally, I had to tell her the truth . . .

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HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

My DOG brings me a BRIDE—Continued from page 22



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give Jim a treat I promised to take him to Carlisle to a pantomime; I booked seats and arranged to take the day off. It so happened that that very day Anne decided to wire me, asking if I could meet her at Keswick station that evening and drive her home.

Well, it was Anne or Jim. And Jim won. Distressed at the unfortunate position, I could do nothing, because by the time I received Anne's telegram she was one hour north of London on her journey home.

I went round to see her the following day, worried in case she should see in the innocent incident a parallel with the play which had obsessed her so queerly. But she was as generous-spirited as ever, assuring me that she understood perfectly.

Two days later my third housekeeper left—with an hour's notice, and in a loud and vindictive mood because her amorous attentions had been curtly rejected. I went to Anne with my troubles, and that evening she came round and made our supper, putting Jim to bed as well.

Riff, as if glad to see the last of the housekeeper, became frisky and playful and finished by chewing up a fur-glove belonging to Anne which he had lifted from the hall table. Anne quite properly chastised him, but Jim, watching with distended eyes, was horrified, and he went to bed in silent grief.

As usual, Riff lay down on the mat outside his bedroom door, keeping guard.

Downstairs in the sitting-room Anne and I talked. Some time later I thought I heard a creak on the stairs or out in the dark hall, but as the wind was rising after a day of sparkling frost and a moonlit evening, I dismissed the sound from my mind, too perturbed by other emotions to give it another thought.

I had asked Anne again to marry me, and to my dismay she had not only hesitated, but had begun to say things which amazed and hurt me.

"It's Jim," she said in her agitation. "I want you to understand, dear—you see, you'll think me mean and selfish and silly and maybe beneath your contempt—but this is such a tremendous thing to me—I just feel I want to be alone with you for—just for a little while—"

"Without Jim?" I cried in amazement. And then in a rush she tried to let me see how she was looking at things. She loved Jim—but if only she could have, say, six months with me, then she would be prepared to share her life with both of us.

Behind it all I saw that that play, the drama of which had gripped her so much that she was living it all again, had put fears into her head that Jim would come before her, take the greater portion of my affection, come to cause dissensions and prove a barrier.

SHE was saying the very things she had been told by her stage lover, turning them inwardly to herself, and taking part in another drama. And to think I had rehearsed her in the theatricals!

While she spoke, I heard Riff's feet tip-tapping on the hall floor. But I had other things to think about. I tried to reason with Anne—and tried desperately hard to see her point of view. After all, she was young, and this was her first love. But—

"I could never put him away," I protested, and as I rose to go to her across the hearth a door banged violently against its lock. Startled, I turned round. Doors were not usually left ajar when Jim was sleeping and Riff was on the prowl.

Suddenly a nameless fear spurred me to action. I ran out of the room and



upstairs. There was no sign of Riff. I went into Jim's room, and in the bright moonlight I saw immediately that the bed was empty.

We searched every room, but there was no clue. As we ran downstairs the door banged again, and to my astonishment I saw that it was the front door, swinging in the wind on its heavy hinges.

We rushed outside, dumb with anxiety. The garden and roadway were quiet and still and frostbound. With Anne following hatless I ran along the road, not knowing which direction to take.

SUDDENLY, behind me I heard Anne call excitedly. I raced back and saw Riff jumping up at her, savagely I thought at first, and he began barking fiercely. I knocked him away with a foot, but he barked and jumped again, then he bent and picked up something from the road, between his teeth, and jumped up to Anne and then to me.

It was a piece of cloth. I examined it; struck a match to see it better, and found that it was a piece of blue flannel from Jim's dressing-gown.

With a low whine and a burst of renewed barking, Riff ran off; six yards away he stopped and looked back to whine again.

Riff took us away from the road, over a stile into a meadow, and along the hedge which, I knew with sick dread, led to the river. He took us to the narrow wooden bridge. And in the

middle of it he danced as if he had been stung, and with an uncanny gesture kept bowing his head to the side where a spar of the thin railing was broken and lay trailing on the footboards.

My heart turned over at that. But Riff then ran on to the other side, down the banking and along the river for about ten yards. Then he stood still and barked madly.

Anne was there first, for my legs seemed stiff with terror. Riff was standing guard over Jim, who lay huddled and white-faced and still.

"He's been in the river, Bob," she cried out. "He—he's all right."

I TOOK Jim from her; he opened his eyes, but he was chilled to the bone and his teeth chattered so that he could not speak. So we ran all the way home with him, Riff careering alongside with an excited barking that was the next thing to a joyful noise for him. It was all so obvious. Jim had got to the bridge, had stood looking down, the spar had broken, he had gone down head first into the stream—and Riff, mongrel but hero, had dragged him out.

Early the next morning, when the doctor had gone, and Jim was sitting up, warm and snug, and little the worse for his experience, we went to his bedside—Anne and I—and tried to learn from him what had happened.

I had worked it out for myself, how he had crept downstairs, heard our voices, listened, because he couldn't help it, to us discussing sending him away—and so he had gone at that moment taking his staunch friend with him.

I dreaded the confirmation—but I had to know.

"I wanted to—to save Riff," he said.

"But he saved you, Jim—he saved daddy's boy for him," I replied, while Anne sat on his pillow, mute and pale.

"You were going to put him away," Jim explained haltingly. "I heard Goldilocks say she'd put him away... I told Riff that it was because he ate the glove, and he said he would come with me and—and the bridge just fell, daddy."

I thanked God at that moment that Jim had been spared the full meaning of what he had overheard. Anne's relief sobbed within her, and as we left Jim tucked up and falling asleep, she came to me and put her arms round my neck and said:

"I know now I was wrong." That's all. Anne is sitting beside me as I write now. Jim and Riff were digging a rabbit hole out at the foot of the garden half an hour ago. We have all been together for almost two years now. Providence has queer ways of working; even dogs are enlisted to teach us poor humans how to live...

The Greatest of These—



Florrie

A Soldier's Family

POIGNANT tragedy hangs over the household of which eleven-year-old Florrie is the youngest member and only child by her mother's second marriage.

Her mother's first husband was missing during the first year of the war. "There is no doubt," she says, "that he was killed in action, for he was a good husband and if he had been alive anywhere he would have come home."

Of their seven children only two are still at home, a boy and girl, aged twenty-three and twenty-seven. Until six years ago both were working: the boy earning 25s. a week and the girl £1. They had to give up as they developed an incurable form of creeping paralysis, which must end eventually in their being

completely helpless. Florrie's father, also an ex-Service man, receives a disability pension of 8s. a week for a wounded leg. This small pension, and 18s. a week allowed between the two invalids, and 8s. National Health Insurance is all that this family have to live on and meet a rental of 12s. 6d.

"I find it very difficult to manage on the money," Florrie's mother explained, "as I have to keep a big fire going, the invalids' feet being always cold. It is impossible to get them the nourishment they should have."

So we invite our readers to pity this household, and send donations earmarked "Florrie" for their help and comfort. All such donations, and those intended for the general fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

We are grateful to "J. M." for K39/867154, but will our subscribers please note that donations cannot be acknowledged in JOHN BULL. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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Gifts ranging from Aluminium Saucepans to Zig-Zag puzzles—gifts for the children—pretty gifts—practical gifts—gifts for everybody—gifts for the home. Post the coupon below for the new Bournville Cocoa Gift Book, 40 pages (8 in colour), describing and illustrating the 200 varieties of Gifts from Bournville Cocoa coupons.

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The Little Fingertip Dose

**quickly
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it gives instant
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**LIQUID
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If you have suffered agonies from Chilblains in the past winters here is a way to prevent them coming. Each night apply Chilliline to the parts usually affected. It is a positive fact that by so doing you will be free from Chilblains this winter. Chilliline is not an unknown product. It has been used with amazing success for the last thirty years. You can use Chilliline with every confidence that you will not be troubled with Chilblains, even if you have had them for years. Those who are suffering from Chilblains will hear with joy that Chilliline immediately relieves the itching, prevents bursting, and, within a very few days, causes them to completely disappear. From all Chemists 1/3, or by post 1/5 from Osborne, Bauer and Cheeseman, Ltd., 42, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.



*I make
Quality
soups only*

As you cannot look inside a tin before you buy it, you must rely on a name that is a guarantee of quality. That is why the sales of my famous Chef Soups increase every week—the housewife relies on my name. She knows that I personally select the finest fresh gathered vegetables that money can buy. She knows that it is I who blend and flavour the soup. She knows that I give the most highly concentrated soup ever offered at the price—imagine it! Only 4½d. per large tin! In short, she trusts me—and believe me I will not fail her

CHEF
MIXED VEGETABLE
SOUP

4½^D large tin, makes
five great platefuls
6^D family tin, makes
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Chef Tomato, Green Pea, Celery,
Asparagus, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulli-
gatunwy, Consomme, Chicken, Kidney.



GOING into Business

THERE is one ambition that is common to many people. It is the desire to own a little business of their own. Such a wish is quite understandable. It seems to be one of the surest ways to liberty and independence. And those two are amongst the greatest prizes life has to offer.

Now most people who write to me do so in the hope of obtaining advice. But here is a letter in quite a different vein. It is so much to the point that I have no hesitation in printing it in full. My correspondent says:

"I am writing in the hope that my experience may be of help to some of your readers. Five years ago, with a small legacy an aunt left me, I started business on my own as a grocer. This is a growing neighbourhood, and I took over the lease of a new shop.

"For a few months I did quite well, and I had every expectation that I would build up a prosperous concern. Then one of the large multiple concerns opened a branch here, and it was quickly followed by two more. From that time my trade dwindled, until now I am scarcely making both ends meet. I have tried every way I know to improve matters, but it all seems so hopeless that I am seriously thinking of closing down whilst I am able to pay twenty shillings in the pound.

"The manager of one of the rival concerns said to me not long ago, 'It's no use your trying to compete with us. We are able to sell many of our goods at the price you have to pay to buy them.' There is the whole thing in a nutshell. You can't blame people if they go to the cheapest place.

"Now why am I writing all this to you? Well, I know that a great many people turn to you for advice and help, and you will be able to tell anybody who thinks of starting a business what he will be up against. If you publish this letter don't mention my name and address. I want to keep what little custom I have until I do close down."

I am very grateful to my correspondent. Some men in his position would never have troubled to have written such a letter. They would have said, "Let other people pay for their experience, as I have had to do."

I say that I am grateful to this man—I am also desperately sorry for him. Every line in his letter shows him to be a very decent fellow. An indication of that is seen in his desire to pay every creditor twenty shillings in the pound. It is no use my urging him to make a fight of it—he has already done that, only to discover the strength of the opposition. I can only wish him the best of luck in whatever new venture he takes up. If I can help him in any way I hope he will let me know.

Now I hope that many of my readers will "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the letter from that grocer

IS IT WORTH THE RISK ?

who tells me he is twenty-two years of age and single. He goes on:

"For three and a half months I have been in charge of a butcher's shop, and I have been in this trade for seven and a half years, ever since I left school. I had not been in my present place long before the proprietor died, and his widow has asked me if I would like to take on the business, offering to sell it to me.

"I should very much like to accept the offer, but, of course, as I am so young I haven't got the money required, about £800 to pay for it. I know it is a splendid opportunity, for it is a well-established firm, but as I have no father I am wondering whether I ought to shoulder such a heavy responsibility.

"I am a teetotaler and non-smoker and, except for going once a week to a show

HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

with the girl, I live a very quiet sort of existence. Many of our customers have said to me 'Why don't you take on the business?' What do you think about it? I should be very glad if you would advise me."

In this proposal there are reasons both for and against. Let us look first of all at those in favour. My correspondent is young, very steady and unmarried. He has had several years' experience of the butchery business and he has been in this particular firm for three and a half months. During that time he must have formed some opinion of its position. What is more, he seems to have gained the confidence of a number of customers. They have actually urged him to take the business over. That seems to suggest that they think he is capable of running it successfully.

Now let us look at the drawbacks. The main one, of course, is the question of that £800. Where is that to come from? Well, a good deal depends on what assets the business possesses. If the shop is freehold it will not be difficult to obtain a mortgage on it.

What I think my correspondent should

correspondent. But his experience is not necessarily a universal one. In spite of severe competition there are still small tradesmen who are doing tolerably well.

I know a young married couple who opened a newsagent and tobacconist business three years ago on money which they borrowed. They have paid back every penny of it, and they are now enjoying a comfortable living. There will always be a public ready to follow an efficient and enterprising tradesman.

Bearing all these things in mind, I want to turn to two letters which have just reached me. The first comes from a young fellow

do is to talk over the matter with a good solicitor, who would advise him as to the prospects of raising this sum. It may be, of course, that the old proprietor's widow would allow him to pay the amount by monthly instalments.

If this obstacle can be surmounted, should this young man take the risk? He must first of all satisfy himself on these two important questions—Has he sufficient faith in himself to shoulder the responsibility? Is he satisfied, not only that he can make a living out of the business, but that he will also be able to repay the capital and interest?

With regard to this second point, he should get an accountant to examine the books for the last three years.

If he can overcome the financial difficulty and is sure of himself, my advice to him is to seize the opportunity with both hands.

My next correspondent is very different from this young man. If he does not take over the business a new proprietor may come along and dispense with his services. Then he would find himself unemployed. The woman who writes me this letter is not faced with that prospect. This is what she says:

"I am a cook-housekeeper (forty-two years of age), in a good position, where I have lived for nearly ten years, but I have always felt a desire to have a little business where I could sell home-made cakes and run a small café. I feel quite confident of making good saleable cakes, but feel a bit nervous of venturing because of the business side—acquiring suitable premises, etc.

"Now a friend of mine (a few years younger than myself) has fallen on bad times, is out of work, and finds it very difficult to get a suitable position, so she has suggested that we start a business of this kind. She is willing to go fifty-fifty and do anything that comes along in the way of the rough work. Of course, all the cooking and catering would fall to me. My friend has held good positions, head of a good-sized office in London and managed a workshop.

"I am wondering if it is advisable for me to give up my present position and go into business, which, of course, means risking our small savings. I should be very glad if you could advise me the best thing to do."

There are two risks to be considered. The first is mentioned by my correspondent, namely, the possibility of losing her savings. The second is whether she and her friend will get on well together. The best friends do not always make the best partners in a business venture. Then there is the problem of finding a suitable place to open such a business.

But if these things can be settled satisfactorily I think my correspondent should adopt the proposal. I say that for these reasons. She wants to do so. It has been her ambition for a long time. Then her training and experience have fitted her for this class of work.

She is not likely to encounter competition from large multiple concerns, and I believe there is always likely to be a demand for home-made cakes. Furthermore, the capital required seems to be available (the cost of opening a place, incidentally, should not be very heavy, which would obviate the charges and difficulties of borrowing it).

I have placed the position as I see it before my correspondent. It is for her to decide whether the advantages outweigh any possible disadvantages.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 is paid for each letter quoted.

20 YEARS OF ILL HEALTH

Then Kellogg's ALL-BRAN Brought Relief

Of her own accord, this user sat down and wrote us a glowing tribute to Kellogg's ALL-BRAN:—

"I have been constipated all my life, which has been about 20 years, until last year when I started eating your ALL-BRAN. Since I have been eating it, people tell me I am looking better, and I am sure that I feel a great deal better."—Mrs. L. W. D.

Constipation is usually caused by lack of two things in the diet: "Bulk" to exercise the intestines: Vitamin B to help give them tone. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides both of these dietary necessities, as well as iron for the blood.

Within the body, the "Bulk" in ALL-BRAN forms a soft mass which gently clears the intestines of wastes.

How much more natural it is to enjoy this delicious cereal than to risk taking pills and drugs—so often harmful.

Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily—serious cases with every meal—for most types of constipation. ALL-BRAN is not habit-forming. If your intestinal trouble is not relieved this way, see your doctor.

Look for the name Kellogg on every packet. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada. 9d. per pkt. (Not I.F.S.).

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WITH
MUSTARD



— Colman's Mustard

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and makes
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Nagging pain, Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, make life a misery. Take Beechams Brand Powders. They act like magic. You feel fine in next to no time. Beechams Brand Powders are also the certain remedy for

COLDS & 'FLU

They reduce feverishness, stop sneezing, shivering, and save the possibility of serious illness. Beechams Brand Powders are a splendid prescription, rendered all the more efficacious because of their special powder form. Get some to-day.

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A Beecham Product.

Beechams Powders



EVERY GROWING CHILD

HAS THIS SAME

Weak Spot

THE greatest children's doctors have just made an amazing discovery about growing children. Every child from 6 months to 13 years actually has less resistance to germs than a newly-born baby.

That is why growing children from 6 months to 13 years are liable to catch "anything."

Where germs enter your child

The spot where the germs of coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza and measles enter your child's body, is through the tissues of the throat and lungs . . . the Weak Spot . . . To strengthen this Weak Spot in children,

doctors specially recommend Scotts Brand Emulsion. It actually builds up three times more germ-resisting power than ordinary malt and oil.

Your child safe all this winter

Children given Scotts Brand Emulsion are protected from colds and influenza. They do better at school. One bottle of Scotts Brand Emulsion has all the illness-fighting value of 6 days' warm summer sunshine.

Scotts Brand Emulsion also builds bone, muscle, blood and strength. Give it especially during and after colds for quick recovery. Winter has set in, so start today!



Doctor's own children protected this way
"Both my boys, John age six and Gordon age three, have had Scotts Brand Emulsion since birth. They are fine healthy boys, for it has helped to build up sturdy bone and muscle. I recommend Scotts Brand Emulsion extensively."
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.



Scotts Emulsion
STRENGTHENS THE WEAK SPOT IN CHILDREN

LANGUID & LIFELESS THE UNHAPPY ANÆMIC GIRL.

Languid, lifeless, miserable and unhappy—that is the story of many girls to-day. They shun their friends and are often on the verge of tears. These are sure signs of anæmia, and if unchecked, other miseries soon follow—headaches, palpitation, poor appetite, and fainting bouts.

There is only one way to brighter, better health for pale, anæmic girls; that is to furnish the system with new blood—the rich, healthy blood that imparts strength and restores womanly charm. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create this rich, red blood of health and restore strength more surely than any other medicine yet discovered.

Miss G. D. Taylor, of 63, Felixstowe Road, London, N.9, says: "I suffered badly from anæmia; I grew pale and depressed, lost my appetite, and seemed to have no life in me at all. Faintness and palpitation added to my distress. At last I tried Dr. Williams' pink pills, and soon began to feel better. My appetite improved, the giddiness and depression left me, and now I feel as well as ever I have done."

Get well yourself by taking Dr. Williams' brand Pink Pills. Of all chemists, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 6d.). If you do not derive benefit, the proprietors will refund your money.

DICK WHITTINGTON
& HIS CAT
Enjoyed their
**NUTTALL'S
MINTOES**
4d PER QR.



"I'm going
to complain
to mother"

I'm fed up with poorly, puffing Uncles and callow Cousins—they're all alike taking them at their 'face' value. Each thinks he's 'no end of a feller,' but the trouble is they don't know how to shave properly—and is my face red? If they'd only use 'STEAD' blades!"
"STEAD" blades are the best you can buy; kept in a wallet, each blade gets a week's rest, and the edges are always keen and sharp. Every man who has regard for his appearance should shave with a "STEAD."

STEAD
RAZOR BLADES

In a handy wallet of 7 blades for 6d., Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and most dealers sell them.

A POLICEMAN'S CHRONIC BRONCHITIS



arrested by FAMEL SYRUP

However hopeless a cough may seem, never despair, while there's a chemist handy. Famel Syrup has a way of its own with the most stubborn and debilitating coughs, the most obstinate cases of catarrh. For Famel Syrup is not the ordinary cough mixture. It is a scientific product made to an original formula; many doctors and sanatoria all over the world prescribe and recommend it.

ATTACKING THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE

Unlike other remedies, it attacks the enemy from within, through the blood-stream. It loosens the deadly hold on lungs, throat and nasal passages, instead of scratching at the trouble from outside. In Famel Syrup, for the first time in medical history, Nature's finest curative agent—Soluble Lacto Creosote—can be taken internally.

POLICEMAN'S HOPELESS STRUGGLE

Wouldn't you—wouldn't anybody give up hope in the position of Mr. C., of Ashford, Middlesex? He is an Old Contemptible, who went to France at the outbreak of the War, and was twice gassed.

"After being demobbed in 1920, I joined the Metropolitan Police," he tells us.

"Whilst in the Force I developed Bronchitis, caused through the gas. It afterwards turned 'Chronic Bronchitis,' and I was on the sick list for 25 weeks, getting my discharge in January, 1930—'Unfit through ill-health.' I had a bottle of Famel Syrup and benefited to such an extent that I have for the last 3 years cycled 31 miles per day, to and from work in all weathers—over 9,000 miles per year. My physical fitness must be pretty well perfect now, and I have not had a day from work through sickness, or visited a doctor, for more than 3 years. These facts and figures speak for themselves and can be proved by documents and reliable witnesses."

However deep-seated or desperate your cough, bronchitis or catarrh may be, it is still worth trying Famel Syrup, for it acts quite differently from other treatments. Buy a bottle NOW—ready for the next cough that visits you or yours.



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and 19, Temple Bar, Dublin.

THE Government is considering whether to take a census of the population in 1936. Under the present ten-year system the next big count is not due till 1941, but the Census Act of 1920 gave powers for a quinquennial census should this be thought desirable.

An agitation has arisen for the Government to exercise these powers and tot us all up again as in 1931. Letters are appearing in influential journals. Statisticians appear to be almost unanimously in favour. As Sir Josiah Stamp points out, "students of demographic statistics and social affairs have for over fifty years been pressing for a quinquennial census."

This time the students are optimistic. They think that the Government is likely to yield to their demands.

A census costs money—lots of it. To establish a precedent for a quinquennial census would commit the Exchequer to a large outlay in the next twenty years and, as any statistician will tell you, to a still larger sum in the next fifty years.

That being so, JOHN BULL made enquiries. Some astonishing discoveries were made. Of the volumes of statistics in this and other directions which are compiled largely at the public expense it was found that comparatively few are put to any practical use.

There is overlapping and redundancy. No one knows why so many figures are amassed—apart from providing thrills for the theorists!

Several statistical authorities were asked to state a case for the quinquennial census. They did so eagerly. Said one: "If statistics are to be any use they must be up-to-date statistics. When a census is taken once in ten years only the figures have ceased to be a reliable guide almost as soon as they are published. There are big movements of population these days. People are drifting south from the depressed areas. We should like to know the extent of these movements."

"And once you have the new figures, to what use will they be put in practical administration?"

"Scores of uses. Ask the Ministry of Labour, the Ministry of Health, the Treasury. They will tell you that they cannot move a step without an intelligent grasp of population figures. Water and drainage schemes, hospital building, unemployment relief are all planned on the census figures."

Strange enough, none of the enthusiasm of the statisticians was reflected in Whitehall. They have no strong views there for or against a quinquennial census, but searching enquiries revealed that there are surprisingly few directions in which the ten-year census can be usefully employed.

At the Ministry of Labour the census figures are rarely if ever consulted for practical purposes. They work on the unemployment returns from the employment exchanges and the employment returns provided by various industries.

At the Inland Revenue they also have their own sources of information, which, as income-tax payers know, are generally effective. Reference to the census returns would not help the tax collectors, for the householder is not required to state his income.

So at the Treasury and the Ministry of Agriculture. At the Ministry of Health the census volumes are frequently consulted for relatively minor purposes. For example, under the Local Government Act, 1929, many adjustments are being made between the boundaries of various local authorities in order to ensure more efficient administration.

When questions of population density arise, the census figures act as a useful though not indispensable guide. Similarly the rates per head of the population of any district can quickly be estimated from census statistics, though the rates per pound, a more vital point for those who pay them, are obtained by other means.

One thing is certain: however helpful an addition the census volumes may be to the Ministry of Health library, it would be difficult to make out a case for their revision every five years instead of every ten.

There have been big movements of population since 1931, chiefly from the

Pleasant little business this census-taking—until you remember that it costs about half a million pounds...



A CENSUS to Count Out

north to the south, but not so big that the local authorities cannot cope with them because of the absence of up-to-the-minute statistics.

Public schemes are not planned on such narrow margins as to be upset by a few hundreds increase or decrease of population. If through some new industry a locality has a sudden influx of people the council concerned does not require a national census to tell them it has happened.

It is unlikely that practical points like these will deter the statisticians from their campaign for the quinquennial census. It happens that they are working on a series of calculations on the total sizes of populations, differential birth-rates, age distribution.

A graph has been traced showing that the population of this country will reach its maximum in the 1940's at between forty-eight and forty-nine millions. Various other fascinating questions are being discussed by the statistical bodies. Unfortunately they have already used up most of the 1931 figures, and in the

ordinary way will have to wait till 1941 for a fresh lot. They think the Exchequer ought to pay for an extra count.

"There are unique and overwhelming reasons why a special census should be taken in 1936," says Sir Josiah Stamp.

To the man in the street, who has to pay the piper, they may be unique, but they are not overwhelming.

When David ordered Joab to number the people he had a sound purpose in view. He wanted to know how many there were of "valiant men that drew the sword." The Romans had a five-yearly census as a means of levying taxes.

Great Britain is being asked to double its census expenditure in order to provide material for statisticians which is of no use to anyone else.

In the course of our enquiries we made efforts to discover the exact cost of one census. Statisticians approached had no idea. We found out from unstatistical sources that it is in the neighbourhood of half a million pounds.

The Human Machine

ONE of the truest things ever written was this: "There are always two kinds of people in the world—those who pioneer and those who plod. The plodders always attack the pioneers. They say that the pioneers have gobbled up all the opportunities, when as a plain matter of fact the plodders would have nowhere to plod had the pioneers not cleared the way."

Are you a plodder, or a pioneer?

It's nothing to be ashamed of, whichever way you answer. The world's carried on the backs of the plodders. Did you, in other words,

create the job you've got, or did someone else create it for you?

If you're a plodder it's just as well to realise that a little debt is owing to the pioneer, to the man who cleared the way and created the opportunity.

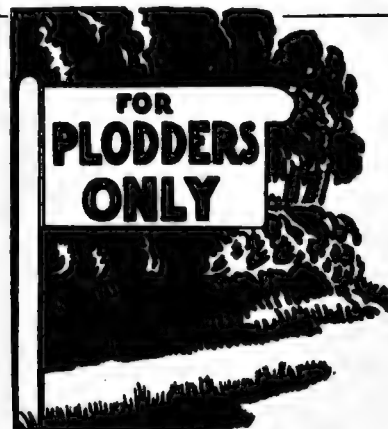
Put in plain English it's just this—if you're working for a man, work for him. Give him your best, give him all your co-operation. Give him what he wants—not what you think he ought to have.

If you want to grumble and criticise, do it to him; don't stab him in the back by causing disaffection among his other plodders.

In most cases people only want to criticise because they don't understand. Lack of knowledge is at the bottom of most grouching.

There's an old saying that exhorts people "never to show a half-finished thing to children or fools"! Whether it's an actual object in the making or a plan in process of being worked out, that old saying's true. A little knowledge is so apt to mislead!

The chief duty of the plodder is to be efficient, to do his job the best way he knows instead of the worst.



I CANNOT ORD—

ect your Stomach

us suffer at times with trouble and are sometimes let it take its course and if." You cannot afford to danger signals pass unat way leads to chronic and a life of misery. alties of neglect are seen y life, in a host of people ve become confirmed and spend endless time y in a fruitless effort to r lost health. It is such a the means of recovery is to hand.

me you have stomach pain after meals, sick flatulence, take 'Milk of You will be delighted at ataneous relief it gives. agnesia' does its splendid etly and efficiently, by ture. It neutralizes the id in the stomach and els the fermenting waste ystem.

'Magnesia' is as harmless effective and is widely by doctors for men, d children. Keep 'Milk ia' at hand and secure its help in maintaining your unimpaired.

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Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT. Price 1'6 Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

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WHATEVER THE PLEASURE PLAYER'S COMPLETE IT

The game progresses and the 'ivories' click merrily over the green cloth... 'break' following 'break'... skill matched with skill in friendly rivalry... every minute enjoyable, with another 'Player' in the intervals to round off your pleasure.



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES - PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED 5 for 3^d 10 for 6^d 20 for 11^d

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"How I ATTRACTED His ATTENTION



For weeks on my way to work, I had noticed him and hoped he would look at me. But, he never gave me more than a passing glance. My prettiest frocks failed to interest him. Finally, I realised that my complexion was marred with enlarged pores, blackheads, and other defects which might repel a man.

A friend recommended Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Its daily application soon did away with all those horrible skin imperfections, cleared and softened my complexion to a smooth dull-finish beauty. Now, I receive frank looks of admiration, not only from the man I wanted to attract, but from many others. Any woman who wants to win and I old the love of a man, must keep her complexion beautiful. I am sure that the easiest way to do it, is by the regular application of Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. Successful results are guaranteed, or money refunded.

FREE: By arrangement with the manufacturers any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon skinfood creams (rose for the evening, white for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Tokalon Ltd. (Dept. 422 A), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

PILES can be Cured

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

ManZan

BRAND
PILE REMEDY



A regular beggar for his Bob Martin's

"Everybody admires my dog's lovely silky coat," writes Miss E. M. Ormsby of Maghull, Lancs. "He has never been ill and he owes his perfect health and beautiful appearance to the regular conditioning he gets every week-end with Bob Martin's Condition Powders."

If you want your dog to have a long and healthy life you must condition him correctly. There are no pores in a dog's skin to carry away impurities from the bloodstream, and if you neglect to condition him, blood impurities will make his life miserable with such disorders as continual scratching and loose coat. Give him a Bob Martin's Condition Powder at morning, noon and night every Saturday and Sunday. Then he will always be healthy, and rich pure blood will give him a lovely lustrous coat.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS

9 powders 6d.; 21 powders 1/-



Get your money's worth — by rolling in A.G.'s

Most men use A.G.'s. They enjoy cool, full-flavoured smokes because this paper is so extremely thin and pure.

It's so much cheaper to roll your own in A.G.'s, and their extra crispness and strength makes rolling easier.

Refuse substitutes. A.G.'s cost no more but they do make better cigarettes.

Start now! A.G.'s fit all machines and give best results.

AG The better paper for better cigarettes.

Husky Throats

Quickly and pleasantly relieved with

VICK
LOZENGES

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

23% MORE SUDS is the Secret of OXYDOL'S Super "Wash-ability."

See p. 24.

MONEY

on Trial

IN a few weeks' time the strangest jury ever known will meet round a table in the City of London for a trial every bit as curious as its name, "The Trial of the Pyx," implies.

It will be made up of twelve good men and true summoned by the King's Remembrancer according to an ancient annual custom to try not erring humanity, like the juries that will be sitting at the same time at the Old Bailey a few streets away, but newly minted coins that you will soon be handling.

Crowns, half-crowns, florins, shillings, sixpences and threepenny-bits, including those specimens of fourpenny and twopenny pieces that the Royal Mint still makes as Maundy money, will be the prisoners at the bar before them, to be tried "well and truly, according to their skill and knowledge."

Even the name of "Gold!" will be called, although he will not put in an appearance. If he has not jumped his bail, he has at least jumped out of general circulation.

After a swearing-in ceremony that will follow an ancient formula, the prisoners will be brought in. One coin from every 15 lb. of newly minted gold coin made by the Mint, and one from every 60 lb. of its new silver currency, has to be arraigned at each of these annual trials.

They will be tumbled out of an ancient chest which is called the pyx—a name that used to be applied according to ancient ecclesiastical usage to any sacred vessel in which the Host is reserved—on to the table of the Goldsmiths' Hall, where the trials are always held, and in an atmosphere of delicate gauges and apparatus for testing the gold or silver content the trial will begin.

How many coins of each denomination will be put up for trial cannot be said until the Royal Mint knows what its full output will be. Last year they ranged from 6,446 half-crowns—the most popular coin apart from the penny—down to 346 threepenny-bits and a mere 10 much-hated crowns.

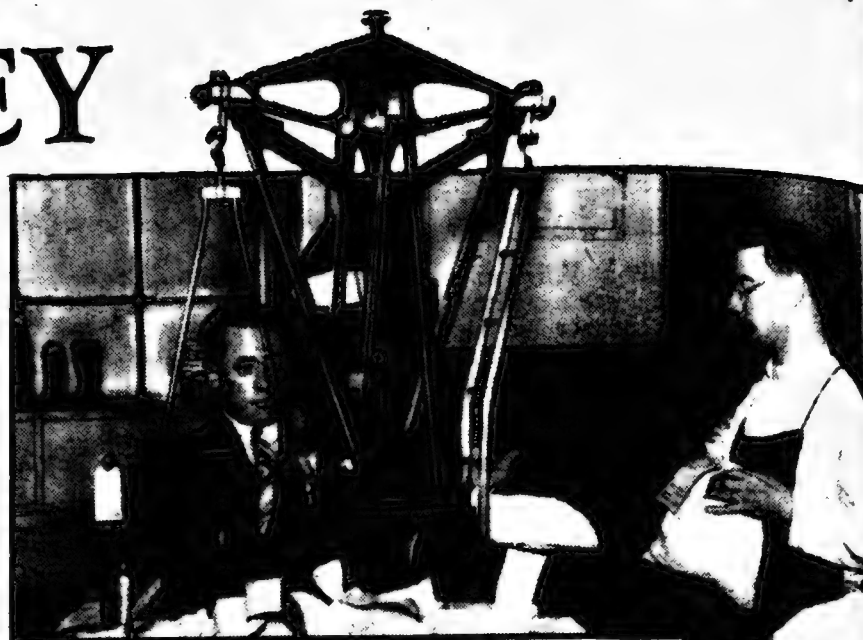
FROM these the jury selected as many specimens for test as they wished, choosing them just as counterfoils are drawn out of a sweepstake drum, so that there could be no question of special specimens being foisted on them! Two hundred and two they chose last year. The number will not be very different in this year's test.

And with the coins stacked ready for the experts, the actual tests will begin.

Assayers will test the actual metallic content and value, explaining every move of their delicate work to anybody connected with the trial who needs enlightenment. And meanwhile the tiny scales will weigh one coin after another, and the micrometer gauges slide in and out as they test the dimensions of every glittering prisoner.

Then at last the verdict, an assurance to you that the Royal Mint is above trying to trick you by giving you money of less than its stated value, and a compliment to the British coin factory that brings it many orders from foreign Governments that know that British-made coins are best.

You may not understand that verdict, with its intricate findings that the biggest variation in weight noted was .007 of an ounce, that the variation from standard fineness was .0005 and so on, but you may rest assured that all through history it has been a verdict of



Money in the balance — weighing shillings in bags of £100, at the Royal Mint

"Not Guilty" as far as any possible cheating or carelessness is concerned.

New Zealand, Rhodesia, and other countries within the Empire will submit specimens of their coin to trial after the British coins have left the court with clean characters. And then the Royal Mint will get on with its job of making its 1935 output.

At rare times foreign coins have been submitted to the "Trial of the Pyx," but always under more or less freak circumstances. One such case was when, in 1815, the British Government decided to pay the soldiers serving in France under Wellington in *louis d'ors*. £690,000 worth of them were made, and the results of the test even earned the admiration of King Louis of France himself, who recognised in the French coins made by a British Mint for a British war in France something better than the French Mint itself could make!

BUT nowadays the coins tried are always coins with which the British public is familiar, even if they are specially made for far-off parts of the Empire.

The number of coins submitted to trial is always a matter of great interest to the City as showing how the Royal Mint has been dealing with those strange fluctuations of demand for this coin or the other that are always taking place. In 1928, for instance, an amazing increase in the number of florins made, which suggested that that coin was going to rival the half-crown in popularity, needed explanation.

But the Royal Mint had already solved the problem. The introduction of the "Tote" to racecourses that year, and the necessity of placing bets on it in two-shilling units, had made necessary an immediate 50 per cent. increase in the output of two-shilling pieces.

Even the continued demand for more and more florins—more apparently than would ever find their way through the cash-boxes of the "Tote"—was not a mystery for long.

As the "Tote's" florins reached the banks, cashiers found it easier to compute in coins that were just a twentieth of a pound, and so were more inclined to pay in florins than in other coins. And with the public taking to them just as much, the florin has become a much more popular coin—thanks to horse-racing.

Other changes in our system of living have had their effect on the number of coins made by the Royal Mint and therefore on the "Trial of the Pyx."

There was the coming of the cigarette automatic machine, for instance. Holding hundreds of thousands of shillings and sixpences imprisoned at a time, as they do, and with tobacconists tardy in parting with coins so useful as change, they have made it necessary for the Royal Mint to keep a far greater number of the smaller silver coins in circulation.

Even humble threepenny-bits have their waves of popularity. The Royal Mint will suddenly receive a demand for an unbelievable number from all parts of the country. A whole pile of these tiny coins will be put before the jury, and naturally they provide a much

more irksome job for the testers than the larger coins.

And the reason is usually that some big industry has made a change in rates of pay resulting in an odd fourpence or fivepence being put in hundreds of thousands of wage packets every week. To fetch all this money from the bank in coppers would present too big a problem in transport. And so threepenny-bits are asked for, the coin gains an increased popularity, the Royal Mint turns out more of them, and the result is reflected at the "Trial of the Pyx."

What will the forthcoming trial reveal? That no gold will be brought to trial again is certain. No sovereigns have been made for home circulation since 1917 apart from old ones that have been re-made. That the florin will continue to gain in popularity is also fairly sure.

THEN the half-crown will certainly maintain its supremacy. One-third of the value of the money in circulation is made up of half-crowns.

And we can be just as sure of a more important thing—that our Royal Mint will not be trying to cheat us. In no other country in the world is the public better protected against what has actually happened in England in the very bad, old days—a "cooked" currency out of which somebody is trying to make an illegal profit.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent, 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE GOOLE TIMES:—"His speed by his THERMOMETER was 28 miles per hour."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH:—"Though two LIFEBOATS were thrown to him, he made no effort to grasp them."

YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS:—"... demanded that the referee should remove the CREEK from the boxer's shoulders."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"MOTH teams showed clever ball control."

NEWTOWARDS CHRONICLE:—"She found three half-crowns, a two shilling piece and a shilling."

BROUGHTRY FERRY GUIDE:—"Eggs Plum Pudding—4 lb. chopped DIAMONDS."

DARWEN HERALD:—"The second round of the Darwen Open CRESS Championship resulted as follows..."

DAILY SKETCH:—"One of the simplest presents to almost any family from the country is a load of crusty farmhouse bread."

FREE FOR ALL

A REMARKABLE 48-PAGE BOOK DESCRIBING A DOCTOR SUFFERER'S DISCOVERY

Amazing & speedy relief from ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH

**BANISH
YOUR SUFFERING
SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK NOW!**

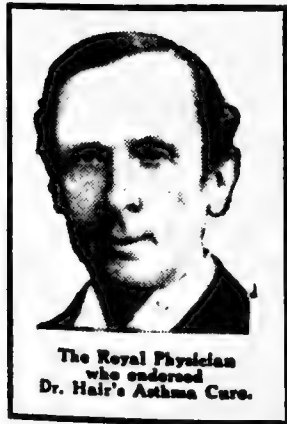
Few people to-day are free from the ravages of Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. These dread diseases, unless checked, increase their grip until life becomes a burden.

WHY SHOULD YOU SUFFER?

Full particulars of a simple and inexpensive Home Remedy for sufferers from Asthma and Chronic Bronchitis are to be found in a remarkable 48-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK which will be sent FREE to all who complete and post the coupon below. Everyone who is interested in obtaining speedy relief and lasting freedom from these distressing complaints should lose no time in sending for it.

DOCTOR-SUFFERER'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Among the interesting features of this valuable Free Book are a description of this unique and most successful treatment; and the story of the way in which a Doctor-Sufferer from Asthma found a path to freedom from his agonising complaint through the medium of what is now famed throughout the world as "Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure."



The Royal Physician
who endorsed
Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

**Dr Hair's
ASTHMA CURE**

THE PROVED LIQUID REMEDY FOR 57 YEARS

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is obtainable from all Chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, at 3/- and 5/- (double size) per bottle.

Dr. Hair's Remedy has proved successful in many thousands of stubborn cases of Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. As the book tells, Dr. Hair himself has said: "In almost every case, my treatment will enable the patient to sleep in bed without suffering, and if the directions are followed, health, strength and flesh will be rapidly restored."

This most important and welcome news for sufferers is endorsed by eminent physicians, including specialists in complaints of the breathing organs; and many thousands of sufferers have voluntarily given their testimony to the success of this wonderful treatment. "Agonising spasms completely ceased and recovery since then permanent." "I cannot praise your cure too much—I feel a new woman and can now walk miles without the slightest shortness of breath." "Wonderful relief." "No spasms since the third day." These are but a few opinions of Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, the ONLY remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh to be endorsed by a Royal Physician. More enthusiastic letters from grateful patients appear in the Free Book, now offered to readers of "John Bull."

**BANISH YOUR SUFFERING—
SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK NOW.**

Why should the agonies of sleepless nights continue—why suffer from the recurring fights for breath—each one of which is weakening you? Send at once for this valuable free treatise and learn how health and strength may be yours. Simply fill in and post the coupon below.

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Please send me free and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page Book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

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Post in an UNSEALED envelope with 3d. stamp. Write Clearly J.B. 12/1/35.



HEALTH

DECIDE now to become healthy and strong — start a course of Sanatogen, the famous nerve food which fills the body and mind with vitality and strength.

Nervousness, general debility, sleeplessness and digestive troubles—all these signs of weak nerves will disappear, and in a few weeks you will feel and look healthy and happy again.

Sanatogen is recommended by over 25,000 physicians. Start a course to-day.

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

At all Chemists from 2/3 to 19/9

Made by GENATORAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH.



When little ones

CATCH COLD

... it's no time to experiment

Play safe with children's colds. Mother! Use the remedy that thousands upon thousands of other mothers have tested and proved safest and best—Vick brand Vapour-Rub.

There is nothing to swallow—nothing to upset delicate little stomachs. You just rub it on throat and chest at bedtime.

The instant it is applied, it begins to warm the chest, to "draw out" the tightness, like an old-fashioned poultice.

At the same time, its healing, medicated vapours go, with every breath, direct to the air-passages—where colds lodge.

By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

"Just Rub It On"



An expensive boarder—the sea lion swallow 200 lb. of fish every week at a cost of £5

They EAT their WEIGHT in GOLD

THE other day a man appeared at Clerkenwell County Court, and for his services he claimed 25s. a day for loss of time and earnings at his job. His job was collecting frogs, small snakes and aquatic plants which he sold to the Zoo for feeding the fish and reptile collections.

That little episode is one interesting sidelight on London's strangest and most complicated food problem. Just now that problem is taking on an £ s. d. aspect. In the opening days of the New Year the Zoo authorities are taking a count and valuation of all their animals and are getting out a profit and loss statement for the past year. Food bulks largely in those accounts.

The total number of the Zoo's "boarders," exclusive of the occupants of the Aquarium and insect houses, comes to nearly 4,000, their value to just over £35,000. And if they cannot be said to be worth their weight in gold they do at least eat a third of their value in grub. The year's food bill came to over £11,000.

Nevertheless, many another business might be glad to show the same returns as the Zoo. Although, like other concerns, it has suffered a slight decline in income, the animals, which are its sole stock-in-trade, earn over £100,000 a year for the Zoo in admission fees, subscriptions and sundries, like riding receipts, sales of official guides and postcards.

Next to the staff salaries and the wages of the army of keepers, the animals' food bill is by far the largest item in the accounts. In sheer quantity it is formidable enough, the menu including such portions as forty-six tons of fresh fish, plaice, whiting, herring, etc. (Housewives, think of the price you pay for a pound of fish, and then work it out by the ton!) Shrimp teas also seem to be a feature of Zoo menus, judging by the 1,000 pints consumed every year. And they are not all eaten by visitors, either!

IN addition, there are such items as about 350 tons of fodder, 223 tons of horseflesh, 13 tons of apples and grapes, 16,000 oranges, 4 tons of condensed milk, 6 tons of bread and about 100 tons of mixed vegetables and nuts.

Incidentally, the lavishly-handed public, who seem to believe that monkey nuts are the staple food of all animals, including tigers, do not bring the whole of this ubiquitous commodity into the Gardens and so provide a free solution to one section of the Zoo's feeding problems. The commissariat department themselves provide about eight tons of monkey nuts a year.

But that catering list supplies only



only at a few places along the coast. It is difficult to find and provides a livelihood and a whole-time occupation for the man who supplies it. If, from bad weather or other causes, the supply runs short, the lizards starve.

The big pythons often turn fastidious and expensive diners. One of them decided apparently to have Christmas all the year round. It would eat only plump young turkey, refusing any other article of diet.

The gourmets among the Zoo boarders provide a living for several people. It adds to the expense when the food concerned cannot be bought in the open market, but somehow it has to be procured. In addition to the seaweed

gatherer mentioned above there is another man who catches "sand hoppers," which are used to tempt the coy palates of certain lizards—also as a staple diet for some inhabitants of the Aquarium.

MOST people know the "sand hoppers" as the "beach fleas" which pester the sun-bather at most places along the coast. The Zoo buys about 2½ cwt. a year, and the supply is this man's monopoly. He catches them in traps baited with seaweed and sunk in the sand and shingle. His beat is along the coast between Brighton and Littlehampton, and his is an all-the-year-round business in all weathers.

Another man is employed catering for a finicky diner called the Guinea monster or alligator lizard. It will eat only fresh snails, and it is this man who supplies them. The price varies with the weather, and in last summer's drought, when snails were hard to find, they must have been nearly as dear as best native oysters.

Last, but not least (in quantity, anyway) of the expensive Zoo boarders are the sea lions. They eat 28 lb. of fresh fish a day per head—6d. a lb.—14s. a day each!

Fortunately for the Zoo's fish bill it is without an elephant seal at the moment. The last specimen, a baby, cost £10 a week to keep in fish. A full-grown specimen, like the one in the Berlin Zoo, eats fish dinners at the rate of £2,000 a year.

In strange comparison with these epicures are those animals which really earn their keep—the elephants. Two or three of them in the Zoo earn over £2,000 a year in riding receipts between them. They are strictly vegetarian in diet. The only epicure among them is Kelly, the children's favourite, who has a delicate tummy. After a surfeit of paper bags and buns, with their consequent gastric aftermath, he is given a bottle of rum in a bucket of hot water, now and then.

Kelly likes it. It shifts his tummy trouble and sets him up after a tiring week of hauling howdah-loads of children about. And what's a bottle of rum anyway!

what one might call the plain feeders. When we get to the finicky feeders the menu gets more interesting, the food problem more complicated, and, in proportion, enormously more expensive. There are creatures in the Zoo who can outmatch the most spendthrift human epicure, creatures whose every meal costs between £3 and £5 a head.

The king cobra, otherwise known as the hamadryad, is an example. This giant and poisonous snake, fourteen feet of sudden death, comes from Malaya. Fortunately for the Malaysians it is chiefly a cannibal, and, on its native heath, it helps to keep the snake population down.

THE specimen in the Zoo provides a big problem for the authorities. Not only does it refuse any other kind of food, but it will only eat a certain kind of small snake which has to be specially imported from Malaya.

This fastidious diner costs the Zoo about £5 a meal—the market value of the particular serpent it fancies. Without its favourite meal the king cobra prefers to starve to death.

The Reptile House, indeed, presents the Zoo commissariat with its biggest problems and some hefty bills. Another epicure is the marine iguana, a sea lizard which will eat only a certain kind of edible seaweed. It has to be gathered freshly three times a week and is found

Race with "Silver Ring"

IN the sixty Grand National entries there are over thirty horses which were not nominated last year, and twenty-eight of them are newcomers to the world's greatest steeplechase.

It appears to me even at this early stage that, barring accidents, nothing can beat Golden Miller, unless it be a "dark" one.

It is a safe bet that the "Miller" will meet all his old rivals on terms as favourable as last year. Otherwise the official handicapper will have to treat the runners-up of 1934, Delaneige and Thomond II, leniently.

Some of the newcomers may get in on the minimum mark, 10 st. 7 lb., and I shall be interested in the burdens allotted to Avenger, Moorland View, Castle Irwell, and one of the French hopes, Noisau—particularly the last-mentioned.

Noisau, knows his way over Liverpool's fences, having beaten Kakushin, Montclair, Royal Ransom and seven others in the Champion Chase (2 miles 7½ furlongs) last March. The "invader" carried 12 st., and won easily. Moorland

National Newcomers

View won over the full distance of the National on the same afternoon.

He is only a hunter, but it is in his favour that Mr. E. C. Paget, second on Egremont to Forbra, will ride him. The race, however, can be left for the time being.

At Windsor this week-end make a note of Amoretto, And How and Taos.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 10, to Wednesday, January 16.

Z R 98 T F 94 M P U X O A Q C 99
L W N 96 G E D V Y 97 S K H J I

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: GSW9999 would read FORBRA.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 96Y29498J94 would read TUP PENCE.

HOSPITALS CURE S LIVER, KIDNEY, DER DISORDERS.

qualified nurse, says, Drink
water for permanent results.

time when hospitals experi-
t serious functional disorder
system becomes loaded with
waste and poisonous im-
purities, which clog the
eliminative organs, so
allowing constant ab-
sorption of toxins into
the blood. Then follow
stomach, kidney and
bladder troubles, such as
headache, backache,
biliousness, liverishness
influenza, catarrh and
rheumatism. Toxins
excite the heart, poison the
reprove the body of disease-
ity; you have no energy, are
sleep badly.

ouble is auto-intoxication or
Otherwise you could not
symptoms. Try drinking
level teaspoonful of 'Alkila'
a half tumbler of water,
w quickly your mind clears,
ghten, and your whole body
lutely fit, as the system's
nd blood refiners (the liver
egin to work properly again.
es' is a pleasant-tasting
producing the essential con-
ven famous curative springs,
obtained from any chemist.
othing which produces such
lasting relief.—A. L.

LID ZAM-BUK

dition to Zam-Buk Ointment for
al piles, you can now obtain Zam-
double suppositories for inward use.
your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppo-
s, 1/3 a box. Left in position at
they cure while you sleep.

URES PILES

NGHITIS

n, straightforward Musterole

ve minutes, and usually
relief in five hours.

is or colds or sore throats or
there's nothing in the wide
al Musterole Brand Mustard
It is clean, stainless, and on
st application you feel its
g "warmth doing you good,
in, loosening the congestion.
ls. Better than a mustard
ll not burn or blister. Don't
onger. Get a jar from your
y. Costs 2/6d., but is very
y, owing to its great penetra-
ou can use very little at a time.
ve tried it you will never be
t is a regular "family friend."

GUARANTEED If after first
cations you are not com-
fatisfied, return what is left
Christy & Co., Ltd., 4 Old
e, E.C.4, and your money
refunded.

N. user says:

times from Bronchitis, in fact
cold flies to my chest. I also
asty stabbing pain in my chest.
Musterole Brand Ointment the
have ever used, and I would
ut a jar of it in the house."

At all Chemists

MUSTEROLE
BRAND

Mustard Ointment

Mustard Ointment gives certain
of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS,
AT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR
M, ACHES AND PAINS IN
F MUSCLES, etc. Has served
PNEUMONIA after 'FLU
and COLDS.

RHEUMATISM

*"I haven't had a bad attack
for months since I've started
using Sloans. It's a splendid
remedy."*



RHEUMATIC ACHES and PAINS
which make the day's work agony and
often cause loss of working time and
money are robbed of their terrors by
Sloans. Millions of sufferers have proved
that even a single application of the
liniment is remarkably effective in driving
out the pain. It is applied gently to the
painful joint or muscle without rubbing,
and in a few minutes the pain dies away.

Whenever you have muscular or nerve pain
apply Sloans. **Attack the pain where the
pain is—do not drug the whole system.**

Sloans Brand Liniment penetrates, warms and
soothes the nerves and tissues and clears
away the congestion which causes the pain.

At all Chemists and Stores, 1/9 per bottle

MADE IN ENGLAND.



SLOANS LINIMENT **KILLS PAIN**

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back"
guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and
drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which
have been approved by our experts are marked—
in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if
they are taken or applied according to the directions they
will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken
to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any
complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement
in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director
shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

THREE FAMOUS REMEDIES
(Renowned for over 70 years).

FENNINGS' CHILDREN'S POWDERS

FOR CHILDREN CUTTING THEIR TEETH.
PREVENT CONVULSIONS. ARE COOLING AND SOOTHING.
CONTAIN NOTHING INJURIOUS TO A TENDER BABE.

SOLD IN STAMPED BOXES: 1/3 & 3/- also 1d. EACH or 2 for 1½d.

FEVER CURER

THE GREAT PREVENTIVE AND REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA,
COLDS, FEVERS, AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

SOLD IN BOTTLES at 1/3.

LUNG HEALERS

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS.
THEY ASSIST THE LUNGS TO THROW OFF ALL IRRITATING MATTER, AND
TO REGAIN HEALTH AND VIGOUR.

SOLD IN BOXES at 1/3 and 3/-.

A copy of Fennings' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK,"
and of Fennings' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR,"
will be sent post free on application to

ALFRED FENNINGS, GOWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THOUGHT COUGH WOULD NEVER STOP



"I thought my cough would 'hang on' for
ever but the first dose of Venos Lightning
Cough Cure brought relief."
Thousands of sufferers have joyfully made
this remark after trying this world-famous
Cough Cure.

Even such deep-seated troubles as Asthma,
Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, 'Flu', etc.,
quickly respond to Venos Lightning action.
It cures your cough or costs you Nothing.
Obtain a bottle. Take as directed for 2
days and if the results are not ENTIRELY
SATISFACTORY return the empty carton
to Venos Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, and
we will refund your money in full.

VENOS

Lightning
COUGH CURE

From All Chemists 11½d. & 1/3 LARGE FAMILY SIZE 3/-

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels.
Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth
and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay
all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It
makes us feel no good for anything.

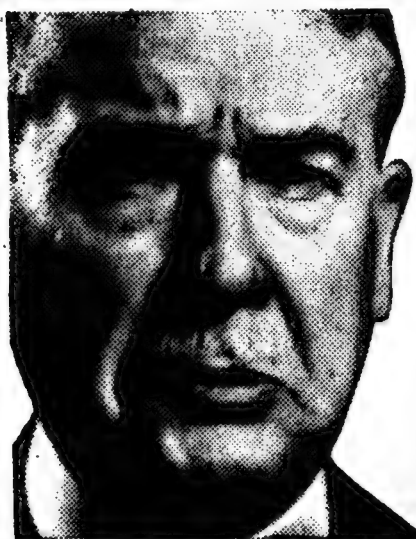
What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well,
when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it.
What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive
juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing
from our liver into our bowels every day, our move-
ments get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of
our food decays in our 25 feet of bowels. This decay
sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we
don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't use a
mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take
Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow
of your bile juice. But if "something better" is
offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel
(mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds
the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver
Pills by name and get what you ask for — 1/3 and 3/-.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your kidneys have nine million tiny
tubes or filters which are endangered by
neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be-
ware! If Kidney trouble or Bladder
weakness makes you suffer from Getting
Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizzi-
ness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago,
Neuralgia, Burning, Itching, Smarting,
Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't waste a
minute. Try the Doctor's safe, pure pre-
scription called Cystex. Specially prepared
to soothe, tone, clean, and heal raw, sore
Kidneys. Cystex starts work in 15 minutes.
Brings new health, youth and vitality in
48 hours. Cystex is guaranteed to cure you or
money back. Only 3/- from Boots, Taylors,
Timothy White's and all chemists, or
Williams, 81, Lamb's Conduit-st., W.C.1.



DON'T Blame Your LIVER

when Bilious, Off Appetite, and "Fed Up"—when your Head is Aching, Tongue Coated and Breath Bad. It is Constipation or Sluggishness. Your stomach cannot empty properly. Food becomes stale and "sour." Each fresh meal is "fermented" by the remains of the previous meal. Horrible! But you will soon feel "like new" when you—

PUT your STOMACH RIGHT with

Beecham's
Sold Everywhere. **PILLS**

"SAFE AS THE BANK"

John Bull

THE BIG TWO

"SAFE AS THE BANK"

John Bull

RACING FOOTBALL

1/-2/-2/6 5/-10/-20/-

UP TO ANY AMOUNT CAN BE INVESTED BY LETTER in accordance with rules.

ENGLISH CUP Every Cup-Tie included

IN THE "CHALLENGER"

FIXED-PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED

Send now for Price Lists on the

LINCOLN & NATIONAL & ENGLISH CUP

Every Horse and Team Priced Enormous Odds up to 5,000 to 1.

Please send your Weekly Lists. I am over 21.

Name

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J.B.

Town

County

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ALFRED H. MAURICE

25 BATH STREET GLASGOW C2

MIRACLE I'd Like to Work

HER children attend school spotlessly clean. The humble kitchen bears eloquent evidence of elbow-grease; sheets, though patched, are as white as snow. Yet she often weeps. "They're in the walls. I've tried everything," she apologetically says. Can one wonder? The property is a hundred years old; walls are damp; the woodwork rotten. Could I work a miracle, I'd raze and replace immediately every slum house, thus banishing the lowly housewife's greatest bugbear—vermin.—"Radio Maid," Notts.

Health Once More

Cancer—the word itself goes through me. I think that everybody would agree with me, after seeing people suffer from this terrible disease, unable to do anything for themselves but lie there in absolute agony of both body and mind, merely waiting for death to take them to their rest.

The one miracle I should like to see performed would be an absolute restoration to natural health and strength once more, not only for the sake of the sufferers themselves, but also for the loved ones who ceaselessly tend and comfort as much as possible those afflicted. — J. C., Manchester.

Retaliation

As an animal lover, I should like to attend a hunting meet, and in the midst of the chase turn the small fox into a fierce lion.

It would be interesting to witness the dwindling number of riders with their realisation of possible retaliation from the quarry.

To see the so-called sport become an equal combat and gallant riders take a turn at being hunted would be abundant return for the use of my miracle. — E. H., Hull.

"Give Them Sight"

"To give light to them that sit in darkness..."

That is the miracle I should like to perform. And I cannot conceive anything more wonderful than to give sight to those who are blind.

It always thrills me when I read that surgery has restored sight to a blind person. Imagine then the thrill in giving sight to all the blind. What new worlds would be open to them—what joy—what happiness. — "Believer," Yorks.



A Light!

I'd like to be able to provide work for all those who are unemployed. In so doing I would be performing the miracle of giving joy to those who are sad, and light to those who sit in the perpetual darkness of despair.

Also, I would be giving clothes and footwear to those who need them, food to the hungry, and fresh hope to those who have sunk into the misery which poverty brings.

This is the miracle I'd like to be able to perform, and it is one that would give me joy and happiness, too. — A. T., Carmarthen.

End of Deceit

My miracle would, I believe, solve almost every human problem. By inculcating into mankind the power to read other's thoughts, I would put an end to all deceit.

No longer could the public leader dupe his followers; the crooked cheat the unwary; or the wrongdoer escape the consequences of his actions. Gone would be all the hypocritical harangues at international conferences, and the rhetorical outbursts of unscrupulous political candidates at election times.

Thoughts would speak with greater veracity than words; in a language that

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on January 12

ENGLISH CUP—ROUND III.

- (1) Hotspur v. MANCHESTER C.
- (2) Bristol R. v. Manchester U.
- (3) CHELSEA v. Luton.
- (4) NORWICH v. Bath City.
- (5) EVERTON v. Grimsby.
- (6) BIRMINGHAM v. Coventry.
- (7) PRESTON v. Barnsley.
- (8) York v. DERBY.
- (9) SUNDERLAND v. Fulham.
- (10) SWINDON v. Chesterfield.
- (11) Hull v. NEWCASTLE.
- (12) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Notts.
- (13) LEEDS v. Bradford.
- (14) BRISTOL CITY v. Bury.
- (15) BRENTFORD v. Plymouth.
- (16) Swansea v. STOKE.
- (17) Chester v. FOREST.
- (18) VILLA v. Bradford City.
- (19) Middlesbrough v. Blackburn.
- (20) W.B. ALBION v. Port Vale.
- (21) WALSALL v. Southampton.
- (22) WEDNESDAY v. Oldham.
- (23) Aldershot v. READING.
- (24) LEICESTER v. Blackpool.
- (25) WEST HAM v. Stockport.
- (26) PORTSMOUTH v. Huddersfield.
- (27) Brighton v. ARSENAL.
- (28) BURNLEY v. Mansfield.
- (29) Yeovil v. LIVERPOOL.
- (30) Northampton v. BOLTON.
- (31) WIGAN v. Millwall.
- (32) Southend v. Sheffield U.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) CHARLTON v. Boscombe.
- (2) C PALACE v. Walford.

- (3) Q.P. RANGERS v. Newport.
- (4) TORQUAY v. Exeter.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) ACCRINGTON v. Rotherham.
- (2) Crewe v. Tranmere.
- (3) DONCASTER v. Rochdale.
- (4) Gateshead v. Halifax.
- (5) Hartlepool v. LINCOLN.
- (6) SOUTHPORT v. Carlisle.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) Falkirk v. Kilmarnock.
- (2) Hibernian v. Clyde.
- (3) MOTHERWELL v. Aberdeen.
- (4) Partick v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
- (5) ST. MIRREN v. Albion.
- (6) Airdrie v. HEARTS.
- (7) Ayr v. RANGERS.
- (8) CELTIC v. Hamilton.
- (9) DUNDEE v. Queen's Park.
- (10) Dunfermline v. Q. OF THE SOUTH.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the Daily Herald and Sporting Life each Friday morning.

Example Code.—English Cup—11 (A); Southern Section—1 (H); Northern Section—3 (H); Scottish League—9 (H) would indicate Newcastle, Charlton, Doncaster and Dundee.

all would understand. And who can dispute the happiness that such conditions would bring?—C. B., Hockley

"More Bones, Please"

Gorged with rich and substantial food, she's lost her youthful lines, her gay spirits. Instead of finding every outing an adventure, she waddles along panting; she ignores her former acquaintances; is blind to things which once captured her attention.

If I could perform a miracle, I'd make dog Mary tell her mistress, "You're shortening my life with mistaken kindness; give me more bones and biscuits, and find some poor family to share the food you have in excess of your requirements."—T. M., Musgrave.

Reunited

I'd like to be able to finance a ship bound for Australia.

I'd have aboard mothers and families to spend a short reunion with those plucky souls who emigrated, led by such rosy promises, years ago.

To share in such reunions would be my ample reward. But a miracle, alas! it would have to be, for I am one of the unemployed.—S. A. S., Sunderland.

Safe for Miners

1934 has passed away. It will be remembered throughout the whole country, particularly in all mining districts, because of the terrible disaster at the Gresford Colliery, when so many men perished.

Miners work in constant risk of death, and often for mere pittance instead of a living wage. Every household in the country is dependent on them, and they never let us down.

My miracle would be to make our mines safe, and give the men decent wages for their work.—R. C., Long Eaton.

Early Dreams Realised

If only everyone could be the person they wanted to be, and not the one they are. Too often circumstances and odds of character prevent our early dreams and ambitions from being realised.

If I could work that miracle, what a difference it would make, even to my immediate circle.

My father would be inlaying beautiful furniture with rare woods, instead of being a jobbing carpenter. My brother would be a preacher, instead of serving behind the counter of a grocery store, and I should be on a sheep-farm, not imprisoned by office walls.—J. W., Cardiff.

Pay Up

The miracle I would like to work would be to induce everyone to pay their debts at the earliest opportunity.

Very many of the moneyed classes think nothing of ordering goods, and work to be done, and selfishly ignore all appeals for payment, thus causing untold worry and anxiety to the smaller traders.

Many bankruptcies and even suicides have been traced to this habit of withholding payment. If everyone paid up promptly, work would be more plentiful and the cost of living would be cheaper.—"Fairplay," Berks.

* * *

The miracle I would most like to work is the complete removal of poverty and financial insecurity from the lives of all.—A. G., Glasgow, S.2.

What a miracle, indeed, if one Saturday I and my two lineamen were treated with courtesy, and as human beings, instead of three scoundrels whose only aim in life is to see the home team defeated.—"Referee," Darlington.

If I had the chance I would bring peace to the world, which would ensure prosperity. It would stop all this trouble between different countries, and all trouble abated the world would surely prosper.—R. W. T., Newark.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post.

TUESDAY, January 15.

My Foolish Worst Fear

IT LIKE GIRLS.

to be attractive it is the colour out of your eyes of the vivacity and have? No wonder they have left in the cold, enough to cure. For have been advising tendency just to delicious tonic wine, a day. Its effect for Wincarnis positively blood. And you'll feel you get back your how rapidly your the colour comes cheeks, the sparkle

the finest wine reinforcing blood-creating beef and guaranteed. You'll find it quite to-day and see how the difference it

COUGH WITH PINE

patient's letter.

with Chest Trouble so spent practically at — and — six years, I thought know that having in the above establishments with the im- 'Pineate' Honey into bed, one dose for several hours, to sleep for more a time. If I wake small dose keeps me rest of the night. ly, C.K., London." day and night by bearing down your doses of 'Pineate'. In it are combined and germ-killing lu, honey and pine. nchial tubes, stops breathing before gun to act. Get a 1/6 Honey Syrup from and prove its n for yourself.

SUFFERERS! ODDA BICARB!

for a long time that itself isn't a good True. It often brings never cures, and it irritate the delicate

lyse everyone who indigestion or any is to take Maclean's, whose formula is over the country even duodenal ulcers. ickly Maclean Brand you relief. With pain goes away and bring a lasting cure to your pain, no have suffered or what

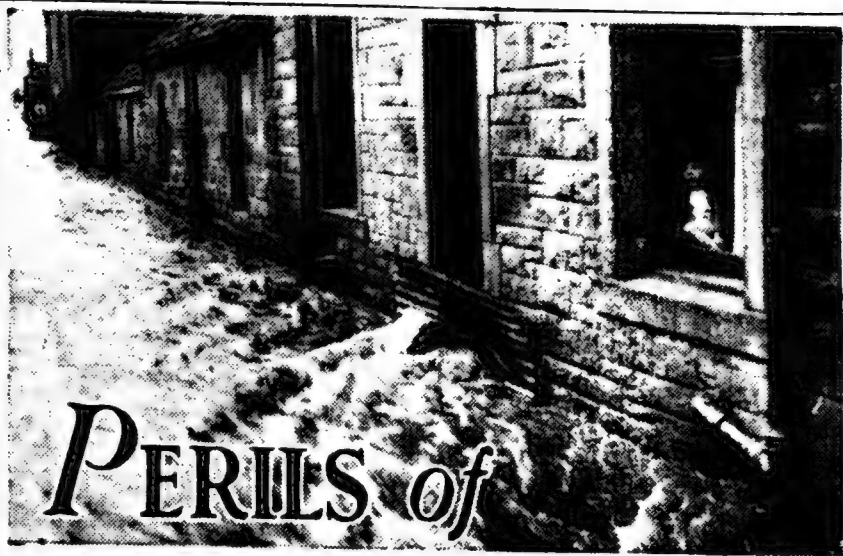
must watch. Bo into Maclean Brand not risk an inferior of a few pence. Ask can Brand Stomach o see the signature N" on bottle and It is not sold loose artons of Powder and 5/- per bottle.

UNIVERSAL

your gains home. ara to RES. ore S. 518. EUM. paid

BOOK FOR CATARRH

ers! for a free copy of a is how sufferers from lith, etc., can escape aladies. Cut out the an unsealed envelope



PERILS of FLOOD—

FROM all over the land come stories of distress and hardship caused by torrential rains and great floods that are turning streets into fast-moving rivers.

What of your home? Are you safeguarded against the perils of storm and flood? Think of all those precious possessions that mean so much to you and yours... what would it be worth to you to safeguard them against disaster?... to safeguard them not only against Flood devastation, but against mankind's most terrible enemy—FIRE and against Storm havoc.

There is no need to pay a big premium to secure immediate protection. JOHN BULL offers it to you FREE. All you have to do is to sign the forms below. Under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to provide these invaluable securities.

Yet another exclusive feature provided by JOHN BULL's unparalleled

"John Bull" the Only Paper to Safeguard you and yours

Free Family Insurance Gift is Sickness Benefit, and again there is JOHN BULL's unique 10 per cent. bonus which is added to every Benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing.

In addition to these exclusive Benefits JOHN BULL provides generous protection against accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Children's Accidents, loss by Burglary, etc., etc.

Since the announcement of JOHN BULL's 1935 Free Family Insurance, more and more readers have been "signing on" for this wonderful security Gift which enables them to face the future with confidence, happy in the knowledge that in the event of misfortune coming to them, their homes or their families, JOHN BULL will be ready with a helping hand, and... a useful cheque.

SIGN THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE.

CUT HERE	
JOHN BULL Hand this Form to your Newsagent To (Name of Newsagent)..... Address..... Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice. Signature..... Address..... Date..... PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 12/1/35	Post this Form to "John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acres, London, W.C.2. I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader. Reader's Signature..... Age..... Address..... Name and Address of Newsagent..... Date..... Use (d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if (d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 12/1/35

BULMER'S CIDER COMPETITION RESULT

The following 25 Competitors have each been awarded a GOLD SILVER CIDER TAPCARD for their replies in the 15th Bulmer Contest.

Mrs. M. Askew, 44, Littlehampton Road, West Worthing; L. N. Bakenell, "Rhyndale," Shireoaks, Belper, Derbyshire; Mrs. A. W. Bennett, 31, Raleigh St., West Bromwich; Miss U. Birchick, 12, Grinshaw Lane, Bollington, Macclesfield; R. G. Camp, 13, West Hill St., Brighton, Sussex; A. G. Clarke, "Elbowcreek," Hornby Rd., Malvern; F. Cooper, 10, Eastborough, Scarborough; J. Essam, 8, Beech Ave., Northampton; Dorothy Evans, 37, 84, White Rd., Clunderford, Glos.; F. P. Farmer, 23, Charles Rd., Wigton, Leicestershire; Mr. F. R. Groom, The White House, Mauden, Bishop's Cleeve, Hereford; Mrs. L. A. Gwyther, 23, Sutton Court, London, W.4; Mrs. Hall, 2, Vauxhall Villas, Birmingham-on-Sea, Kent; Mrs. Ethel B. Hill, "Arady," 26, Pine Vale Crescent, Redhill, Bournemouth; Mrs. Hood, "Chelvey," Sandeath, nr. Salisbury; A. Jones, 7, Buckleigh Rd., Streatham, S.W.16; Mrs. Lewis, 4, Hill Path, Hitchin, Herts.; Mrs. N. Maciver, 151, Fellows Rd., Hampstead, N.W.3; E. MacLennan, 31, Shabstone Rd., East Sheen, London, S.W.14; Mr. A. Moore, 26, Chandon Rd., Amplehill, Bedford; Capt. W. H. Pugh, R.A.M.C., 60, Caning Street, Liverpool; Capt. N. Quick, 352, High Road, Tottenham, N.17; A. Tovey, 1, Montayne Rd., Tottenham, N.17; Mrs. H. J. Woodford, Whiterose, King's Road, Shalford, Guildford, Surrey; Mrs. G. Wright, 23, Carlton Rd., Putney, S.W.15.

£350 and 50 Giant Hampers Won in Crossword Competition No. 257.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £350 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £350 will be sent.

H. Bingham, 15, Ganton Street, Cranlin Road, Belfast; R. French, 9, St. Mary's Street, Moston, Manchester. Any other entrant who wishes to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a solution by First Post, Tuesday, January 15, sending 31 pence for postage, and enclosing a solution and Postal Order number. Envelope to be marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £350 to Runners-up. The prize has been divided between 45 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 10s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A Crossword Seven Trick containing 50 Free Entries in our Crossword Contest will also be sent to every Runners-up who submitted two full solutions in the same envelope. In addition to the above awards, the two competitors sharing the First Prize and each of the 45 Runners-up will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a Giant Hamper.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 256. Forty competitors qualified to share the extra £250 offered and payments of £5 have been despatched.

A Splendid £-word Offer with a Pension of £1 Weekly for Life and £500 Cash, or one lump sum of £500 with £100 to be divided between Runners-up and a Giant Party Hamper for every Prize Winner appears on page 27. Try your skill now!

WHAT EXACTLY IS CATARRH?

Doctors say that catarrh is one of the most dangerous of unsuspected diseases. Four out of five people suffer from it in some form. Usually it begins with a simple cold. Then it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, nose, throat, lungs and stomach, whence its poison spreads all over the system.

There is one sure way to end catarrh. Ordinary medicines cannot reach the infected parts, but Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes will. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs, and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing, antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system.

How to Prove It

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, &c., get a packet at any chemist to-day or just send a postcard or the coupon below, and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for you to try.



FREE PACKET

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 W.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Packet containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

(Print with pencil very, very plainly.)

ALWAYS CARRY A BOX OF BLOSSER BRAND CATARRH LOZENGES

These little Blosser Brand Catarrh Lozenges will stop a cough instantly, ease uncomfortable head colds, clear stuffed up nostrils and throat, make breathing easier. The newest and best specific for coughs, colds, and all bronchial troubles. Absolutely safe. Handy box of 48 only costs 10d.

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' Ointment you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

£2 per month (less than 10d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddles, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plated, Raced or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Car. Paid £3 17/6 or £2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturtevant Archer 3-Speed £4 17/6 or £3 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



AFTER EFFECTS OF INFLUENZA

Mr. A. Smith, 4, Chapel St., Rutherglen, near Glasgow, writes:—"Following a bad attack of influenza which confined me to the house for nine months owing to Heart Weakness, I was not allowed out, owing to the danger. I was like this for two years. A few months ago, I was advised to try Vitadatio, and am pleased to say that I derived very great benefit. I can now eat and sleep well, am able to be out all day and not afraid to get out alone."

Vitadatio

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—Invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney, and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—It may save yours. Sold by Messrs. Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles for export only post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARNLEY, LEEDS.

LIFE INCOME, FORTUNE and other FINE PRIZES

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500

OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF £900

CROSSWORDS of the common-sense kind which "John Bull" provides have never been dull to work out. But now that 1935 has brought our ingenious Compiler's new 100 per cent. Entertainment puzzles, we promise you more amusement per square than ever before.

This week's First Prize is one which it would be worth working ten years to win—a Pension-plus-Fortune award of £2 a week for Life and a lump sum of £500. Between Runners-up there is £100 to be divided, with Season Ticket Bonuses value £2 to be added as announced. And for every winner of £1 or over, there will be a Giant Party Hamper filled with ten seasonable luxuries, providing a splendid week-end celebration of a Crossword success.

Even these do not exhaust the attractions of this offer, for each entrant from whom we receive a square with one more error than the Runners-up will be a winner of one of our new 1935 Surprise Awards, accompanied by a novel £1 Bonus Offer.

Start work now on the puzzle below—and be sure that your squares reach us by Thursday, January 17, if you wish to be in this week's list of winners.

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a Giant New Year Hamper will be sent. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 24, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 31.

£100
Between all
Runners-up

NEW SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of Solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall post on Wed., Jan. 30, a special Surprise Award
WITH £1 BONUS OFFER

BONUS AWARD VALUE

a Season Ticket providing 80 free entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in same envelope

£2

GIANT PARTY HAMPER

containing food and nine other seasonable luxuries, with every prize of £1 or over

FOR SOLVING "JOHN BULL'S" 100% ENTERTAINMENT X-WORD

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 290—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1935



JB 290

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 290—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1935



JB 290

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 6.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED

ADDRESS

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 290,
57, Long Acre, London, W.O.2.
(Comp.)

Free Help for X-Word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or reader for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

- Some get more of these than ha'pence
- Letters that mean money
- Landless user—so does dispenser
- Swallow
- The preserving kind is usually copper
- Private in the Royal Engineers
- What got prisoner off
- Best man's question
- Is blue, but makes some look green
- Short for National Health
- Leaves its mark on a man
- May be workmen—or crunks
- Famous floating menagerie
- You were
- Dawn is often this
- It's no good convict grumbling about this
- It damps you outside but warms you within
- Should be cleared out for safety
- This softens a blow

DOWN

- What midwife is often hung up for
- Seen in the middle of nitro
- Is often made with the help of wire
- Once round the course
- What Hitler now holds
- Where Daniel found danger, but hubby seeks safety
- Brings business to Inn
- Short for "father"—and usually short
- Two-thirds of ell
- Ice hockey matches mean taking these
- Your dog larks when walks do this
- Only foolish drivers do this about the road
- Bombing planes are coming to do this
- If you don't know, do this
- Prevents one from seeing things in proper light
- Wife likes to make hubby's light
- Murder is, amongst gangsters
- Isn't he like his father?
- Girl's name
- Young goat—or child
- Reverse child's "Thank-you!"

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copy-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, January 17, 1935.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPenny ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 31, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 12, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final.

4.—No Scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100, or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

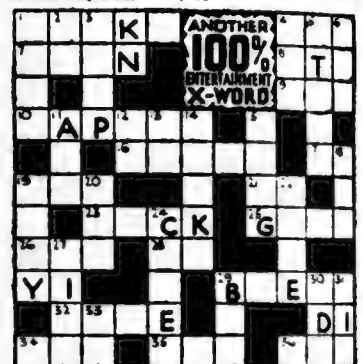
5.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

6.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

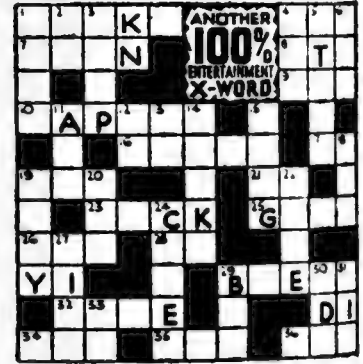
7.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

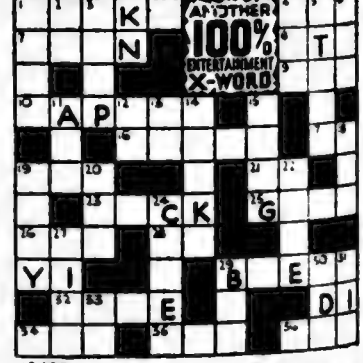
Solution of X-Word No. 288. Winners in Crossword No. 287 appear on page 35. Result of 288 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 288 is given here as a matter of interest to our X-Word competitors. No claims required.



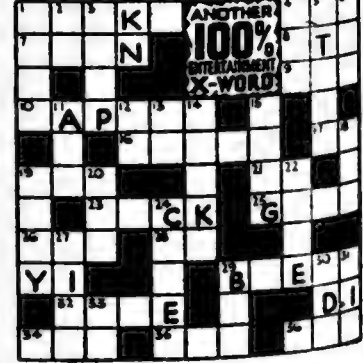
JB 290



JB 290



JB 290



JB 290

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.



The KID

THE EDITOR
LAUGHS
LAST

Vocalist (Horwich).—"From experience I can tell you it is awful to be howled down during a song." Young fathers who have attempted lullabies will agree.

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for entertainment.

S. P. (Guildford).—"My uncle may leave me his fortune, but, on the other hand, he may not." A question of will or won't.

DOPED (Wednesbury).—"The knife-grinder went off with all the knives I had handed to him." He was a sharp fellow.

WRIST-PLAY (Camborne).—"Do you agree with me that the drum is the most important instrument in a band?" No—it is beaten hollow.

MOTHER (Bury).—"After falling down a flight of stairs my son rose and walked away unhurt." You ought to make him a commercial traveller.

CURIOUS (Dorking).—"I notice that many boxers make good anglers. Why is it?" Doubtless they always use the right hook.

G. H. (London, W.).—"A friend of mine is on the look-out for photographs of unique or historical coal-holes in London." So if you know of an opening in the City...

G. C. (Sudbury).—"Could one small slip be the cause of a man being sentenced to a month's imprisonment?" Yes, if he were caught handing it to his bookmaker.

BRITTLE (Birmingham).—"I was just managing to keep going in my glass and china business but my father advised me to drop it." So it went smash, we suppose.

G. B. (Tooting).—"Don't you feel sorry for the man who is for ever boasting that he is prepared to back his car against any other?" No, for the one who parks immediately behind him.

F. F. (Wantage).—"I'm afraid I spilt some water on this manuscript." But it was very dry when we read it.

HAPPY (Poole).—"My rheumatism has disappeared, thank goodness." Then how do you tell if it's going to rain?

POULTRY-FARMER (Essex).—"When my hens cackle, I ask myself if they are laying." Or just lying?

CARRIED AWAY (Luton).—"I can sit in a darkened room for hours and listen to music." The light variety, of course.

MOTORIST (Bungay).—"It is part of an A.A. Scout's duty to know which roads are under repair." He has to find out what's up.

L. N. (Eltham).—"I bought my wife a new grey carpet for the drawing-room." Splendid! Just the colour of cigarette ash.

R. M. A. (New Brighton).—"The insurance doctor who examined me told me I'd live for another twenty years." That's re-assuring.

FATHER (Kenton).—"I am delighted that my small sons don't let any grass grow under their feet." Obviously you haven't a garden.

FOREMAN (Norwich).—"Although I am exceptionally strong and am a wrestler, somehow my men take no notice of me." You can't get a hold on them?

FREDDY (Bromley).—"The assistant gave me running shorts instead of football knickers." So you had to run back with them?

BOS (Derby).—"I was supposed to be home ill, but my boss saw me out with my skates on my arm." You were on very thin ice, then.

FED-UP (Mansfield).—"My boss is never satisfied, and when he fell down a ladder and I broke his fall all the thanks I got was a cursing." He came down on you again?

AHEAD (Bickley).—"I have decided to paint my greenhouse so that it will harmonise with its surroundings." So as to make it less noticeable to any small boys who might otherwise see it?

FORETHOUGHT (Reading).—"I made good use of my Christmas holidays to draw up a plan for my garden." Now you want another holiday to carry out the plan?

DAD (Clapham).—"I stepped noiselessly into the pantry—and there was little Bobby, his fists covered with strawberry jam!" So you caught him red-handed, eh?

A. D. (Maldstone).—"My fiancée's people are always biting my head off." Win a Bullets portable Radio Gramophone and they'll eat out of your hand. There are 50 offered this week, and your accompanying cheque may be £500 to marry on. See page 39.

TAILOR (Acton).—"Men of our calling don't get much chance to travel." But when measuring a corpulent customer, you make up for lost time by making a circular tour.

MODEL (Chelsea).—"I started in my profession quite by accident when a well-known artist saw me bathing and asked me to pose for him. I can now command a fair income." You pose for a good figure.

HOUSEWIFE (Hitchin).—"The cost of living is certainly no lower. In fact, poultry is high, for I've just paid seven and six for a chicken I could have got for five shillings twelve months ago." Had you left it for another year it would have been higher still.

G. H. (Parkstone).—"The car, containing a lady and gentleman, was coming along at a smart pace, when all of a sudden it skidded, turned completely around, and went back from whence it had come." The driver's wife had probably reminded him that he hadn't locked the front door.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Uric Acid



"Every Picture Tells a Story."

Weak Kidneys allow an excess of Uric Acid to remain in the blood and cause Urinary Disorders and Rheumatism.

DO YOU become rheumatic when damp weather sets in? Many people do! Damp and cold overstrain the kidneys, and when they weaken excess uric acid soon begins to collect in the system. Doans Backache Kidney Pills should be used at the very first sign of backache, urinary disorders, interrupted sleep, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. They have helped thousands, why not you?

"In Pain from Head to Foot"

On 2nd May, 1914, Mrs. E. Noble, 46, Carlton Street, Kettering, Northants, said:—"Just before Christmas my hands and knee joints became greatly swollen and inflamed with rheumatism. I was in pain from head to foot and nearly bent double with backache. The kidney excretions were gravelly and scalding.

Robbed of rest and comfort for two or three months, I decided to try Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Thanks to them, I have lost all pain and move with perfect freedom."

On 24th August, 1934, Mrs. Noble said:—"My health remains excellent. Doans Pills did me lasting good.

(Signed) E. Noble."



To Stop INDIGESTION in 5 minutes
take after meals, a little

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

IMPORTANT: Recent medical research and X-ray experiments prove the ingredients of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to be the quickest-acting and most effective known to medical science for banishing indigestion and stomach disorders.

Of all chemists: 1/3 a bottle

ONLY 6 MORE DAYS!

JOHN BULL'S

NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU

Only six more days and the opportunity to secure "John Bull's" New Year Gift will have vanished! If you have not yet cashed your Gift Voucher, do so at once before it is too late. Applications must be posted not later than January 16th. Hurry!

THE "JOHN BULL" WAY

J. C. E., of Plaistow, London, writes:—
"These pens are splendid. I expected a good set, but they greatly exceeded my expectation... but that's the 'John Bull' way."

CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER AT ONCE!

John Bull

NEW YEAR GIFT VOUCHER

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the John Bull 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set.

5/6 for 2/9

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

BRITISH MADE

5/6 WRITING SET FOR 2/9. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, black vulcanite, latest lever self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. Written two-year guarantee with each pen. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

12/6 WRITING SET FOR 5/-. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Beautifully streamlined and hand-somely finished in glossy black, or in mottled art shades delicately toned, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. An inlaid, rolled-gold band encircles the pen (which is made of an entirely new unbreakable material) and a sunk lever self-filling device and pocket clip to match accentuate the lustrous finish. The 14-carat solid gold nib has a costly iridium tip of velvet smoothness. Written five-year guarantee with each pen. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip and extra leads, and is fitted with a propel, repel, expel movement. Contained in a handsome satin-lined Presentation Case, artistically covered in gold and black.

John Bull

NEW YEAR GIFT VOUCHER

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the John Bull 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set.

12/6 for 5/-

★ EXTRA SURPRISE GIFT

An extra Surprise Gift for every recipient—look out for it.

CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER AT ONCE.

Accept this record New Year Gift to-day.

"WELL DONE, LAD!"

Father's as Pleased as if He'd Won that £500

WHEN a telegram arrived at the fried-fish shop at 1, Stanmore Place, Lidget Green, Bradford, one recent Friday, Mr. D. M. Lund, the young man to whom it was addressed, was down in the depths—but no further than the fish cellar.

His father had read the wire first. "Take it calmly, lad!" he said, handing over the message. But it was too much to expect calmness in Mr. Lund when he learnt that he had won £500 and a £12 12s. Radio! This was his splendid First Prize in Competition No. 964 for the ingenious and amusing *Bullet*. DAD'S RESOLUTION—BROKEN "FOR A CERTAINTY."

When I arrived on the scene, writes a JOHN BULL representative, he was still in a state of obvious excitement.

"I don't know how I got through my job that day," this 23-year-old winner told me. "Friday is our busy day, in any case. But that was the most crowded Friday I've ever known."

Every "Bulleter" who has not yet risen above the "Target" ranks will know how Mr. Lund felt, for this big cheque was the first cash prize he had ever won, and success is the more overwhelming when sudden.

"I have been going in for *Bullets* for the past five years," Mr. Lund told me. "But each time I got a 'Target' it gave me a real thrill, for I knew I was on the right way to scoring something bigger."

During those five years Mr. Lund's parents have followed their son's hobby with keen interest, and from his father I learnt much about his persistence in face of failure.



"If there's one thing he looks forward to more than anything else each week," said Mr. Lund, Senior, "it's his *Bulletin*. He's always telling me how much he learns from it—and the wife and I enjoy it, too."

"I'm better at talking than *Bullet*, myself," he added with a laugh, "but all my words couldn't make as much as Dennis has done with a few."

Success means for this winner much more than extra money to meet the needs of the moment. It is the future he is thinking of, and a £500 prize at his age is more golden in its possibilities than it could be for an older man.

"For the present," he stated, "my prize-money will go into the bank. But if the opportunity arises for me to start a business of my own, I shall have the comfortable feeling of knowing that the cash is there."

Like so many other big winners, Mr. Lund urges every ambitious competitor to study the winners, but he adds a special reason for doing so which many may not have realised.

"It's important," he said, "because in a competition that has been going for so long, winning styles must change, and you have to keep up with the latest methods."

POUNDS OFFERED FOR POSTCARDS

ON Sunday, January 20, Mr. and Mrs. Turner and their son (of 6, Fairview Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham) leave London for Monaco to commence their 29,000-mile World Cruise in s.s. *Empress of Britain*, won by Mrs. Turner in "Bullets" Competition No. 942.

For the five best farewell messages to the *Bullets* World Travellers, not exceeding 30 words, JOHN BULL will pay cash prizes of £1 each. Use one penny postcard only, and address your entry to: *World Cruise Contest*, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Closing date, Friday, January 18.



The world is before them

1,000 HAPPY HOURS WON BY THESE "BULLETS"

"WATCH the winners" is the watchword of every successful "Bulleter." Therefore, since the result of *Bullets* No. 965 is not due on this page until next week's issue, we provide in next column some prize efforts for you to study. Each of these won a Radio Gramophone with cheque, which is the prize awaiting 50 "Bulleterers" this week.

Notice that these neat winners consist of no more than simple, everyday words which you might well have thought of. Then turn to the Examples with confidence, knowing there is nothing to prevent you becoming one of this week's 50 Cash-plus-Radiogram winners.

KEY OF THE DOOR—TO UTOPIA, "BROKEN SWORD."
MOTHER'S MAGIC—TOUCH—MAGIC CANNOT TOUCH.
IN TROUBLED WATERS—"DROOPING ORANGE-BLOSSOMS" OFTEN REVIVE.
IF LONDON WERE BOMBED—IMAGINE "YOUR TERROR" THERE!
SERVING THE NATION—"COMMISSION" FOR "ALL RANKS."
EVERLASTING—"TRIALS," THROUGH "TRYING CONCLUSIONS."
WORRYING BRITANNIA—HUNGRY MULTITUDE—Surplus FISH.
ON THE SICK LIST—BUT "ON PARADE," MOTHER.
WHAT I'VE FOUND—PALS EXPENSIVE—PAL PRICES.
MEANS NOTHING—IN HEAVEN, "CIPHER" BELOW.
MADE HIM—"PUSH HARDER," FULL PRAM.
IMPOSSIBLE—YOUTH ONLY CONSIDERS PARENTS.
KIND WORDS—AS EASY AS "HARD."
STEP UP—WANT IT? WARRANT IT!
ZONE OF SILENCE—ALSO "BEACON," FLANDERS FIELDS.
GOOD FAIRY—BRITANNIA—WAND'S TAXPAYER'S "WHIP."

John Bull's New Year Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

- (1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9, plus 3/- for postage and insurance, making 5/- in all.
- (2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3/- for postage and insurance, making 8/- in all.

OR

Write clearly in Block Letters.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

"John Bull's" Gigantic Insurance Gift to every reader for 1935—see page 35

RADIO'S LATEST MIRACLE FOR 50 'BULLETERS'... AND BIG CHEQUES TOO!



£500

£50 £25 £20 £10 £9 £8
£7 £6 £5 10 OF 30 OF £1

500 of 2'6 • 2,000 RED SEAL TARGETS
8,000 TARGET PRIZES

SUPERB NEW
RADIO-GRAM
WITH ALL
50 PRIZES
FROM £1
UP TO
£500



MAGNIFICENT "PORTROLA"
SUPERHET. INSTRUMENT

in winner's chosen colour, guaranteed by
famous Decca Company, only week-end
case size, yet gives miraculous reception
of radio and perfect record reproduction
by moving-coil speaker—

CARRY IT ANYWHERE—PLUG IN LIKE
BULB—ENDLESS ENTERTAINMENT!

£15.15s PORTABLE ALL MAINS "DECCA" RADIOGRAMS

Each with 6 Autographed
Records of your favourite
"Decca" Gramophone Stars.

BE QUICK TO WIN ONE OF THESE 50 CASH-PLUS-MELODY PRIZES!

TODAY JOHN BULL offers not 10 or 20, but as many as 50 of the latest Radio
Miracles, each with a cheque which may be anything from £1 up to a fortune
of £500.

The astonishing £15 15s. Decca "Portrola" instrument awaiting each of this
week's 50 principal Bullets winners is not only a fine radio combined with a splendid
amophone; being no larger than a week-end case, it is easily portable.

Notice also that every one of the 50 "Portrola" Radio Gramophones will be
accompanied by six Decca Records, selected by the winner and autographed
by the recording artistes.

Congratulations to the winner of that
£500-plus-Radiogram First Prize will
be wired by JOHN BULL on Friday, Feb-
ruary 1. And a few days later those 50
cheques with Radio Gramophones—and
£500 other awards—will be on their way
this week's successful competitors.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

To make a Bullet, read slowly through
the Examples and jot down all the
rough comments they bring to your mind.
Since you are asked to add TWO,
THREE or FOUR words of apt and
original comment to any Example in
order to complete a Bullet, your next step
is to turn those rough jottings into
finished efforts. For instance, against the
Example OUR GANG, you might first jot
down the rough note, Gives Mother Plenty
to Do. By seeking neater wording for
that idea you could readily condense and
improve it into the finished Bullet, OUR
GANG—MOTHER "CLEANS UP" DAILY.
For your further guidance study care-
fully the list of previous winners which
appears on the previous page. Having
absorbed the good points of these winners,
go ahead with your own Bullets, making
sure that your entry reaches the judges
Saturday, January 19.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

LAND OF LIBERTY
IN NATURE'S WORKSHOP
WHEN WE WERE YOUNG
GLITTERING PRIZES
DARING
OUR GANG
TEACHING HIM TO DRIVE
WITHOUT LOOKING
HE'S ONLY FATHER, SO
GOING TO WORK
DREADFUL MESS
SAID TO THE PAINTER
HARD TO KEEP
CREED
TOO RISKY
THE WORST OF IT IS
THINKING HARD
"GOT IT!"
WITH A STROKE OF THE PEN
SHOCK FOR GRANDPA
HEIR TO A THRONE
THE PEACEMAKER
IN THE CUTTER
FRENCH LEAVE
FOR DEAR LIFE
HANDY MAN
TAKING A CHANCE
NOW HE'S RETIRED
BEARING FRUIT
ENCOURAGING
OLD AS THE HILLS
OUR LAUNDRY
TAKING LIFE EASILY
WHAT MONEY MEANS
NEXT MORNING
FOR HER SONS

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How
do the big prize-winners make their
entries?
These and scores of other questions
you will find answered in *Bullets*
Bulletin, which will also introduce
you to a thrilling £50-a-week *Bullets*
Football Contest.
Post on the coupon to-night and
receive each Thursday for 12 weeks
this right guide to competition
success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "A. & Co." pay-
able to John Bull), to cover postage on 12 consecutive
issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with the next
available issue.

NAME
ADDRESS

Post to: "BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with
the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being
neatness, brightness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have
full consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only one attempt may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at
the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and
sent to the Editor. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the
entry on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon.
Unsent coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition
shall be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an
essential condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 964 will
be displayed in the window of Mr. N. Senior, 263, Legrams Lane, Lidgot Green Bradford.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each
Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A. & Co."

COMING
NEXT WEEK LONGEST GRADED PRIZE-LIST EVER!

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(968) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Jan. 19. I agree to enter in accord-
ance with the rules announced
on this page. With 1
Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(968) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Jan. 19. I agree to enter in accord-
ance with the rules announced
on this page. With 1
Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(968) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Jan. 19. I agree to enter in accord-
ance with the rules announced
on this page. With 3
Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(968) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Jan. 19. I agree to enter in accord-
ance with the rules announced
on this page. With 4
Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

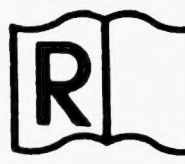
BULLET

(968) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Jan. 19. I agree to enter in accord-
ance with the rules announced
on this page. With 5
Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. Address

Should you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, cut it out before completing your
"Bullets" coupons, remembering that efforts can be entered on plain paper if desired.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the News-
agents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 964 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 968, "John Bull," Lenj Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).



ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in a few nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. S14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When Washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.



I am getting older every day — my skin is all dried up and has no life at all, and I am getting more creases and wrinkles. The wrinkles must come from this very dryness.

How I have changed! — not a wrinkle! — that Zee-Kol Almond Oil soap is marvellous. Every crease and every wrinkle have disappeared. It must be the Almond Oil. I never knew soap could do this. All the soaps I have ever used have only dried my skin. The perfume is beautiful. I can smell the perfume all the time. I have no fear of my face looking old and creased now.

NO SOAP — NO BRUSH SHAVEX

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING
Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the world. Beware of imitations. **THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING** which takes a quarter of the time. **WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX.**

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles and keeps the face in a perfect condition. The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard, and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave. Always give Shavex a fair trial with a good razor blade, and there is none better than the Shavex Blade, which is the most perfect Blade on the market. These blades, originally 4d. each, are now reduced to 2d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.
Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.



Good Lord! It's twenty to eight and I have to dress, shave and have my breakfast by eight o'clock, but what's the odds, having Shavex it only takes a minute or two to shave.



Hey! Procto! I've had a perfect shave in two minutes. I washed, and while my face was still moist I smeared Shavex over it, and with the use of a Shavex Super Blade I've had the most shave that anyone could ever have. I feel as fresh as a daisy.



Now I've got ten minutes to have my breakfast and a nice walk and catch the 8.15 train. When I think of the old soap and brush method with my face all smarting and the time it took me, Shavex is indeed a godsend. Since I have used Shavex everybody tells me how well and young I look. It's the Shavex Cream containing Almond Oil which I rub in after I shave that preserves my skin and keeps the wrinkles away.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.

Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy
4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

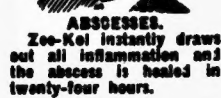
For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.



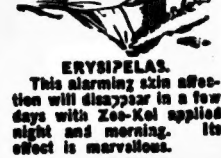
ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."



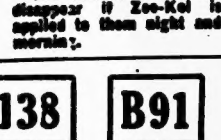
VARIKOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcers! Leg, Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESSSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.



ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.



CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.



BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.



BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night — they vanished."



LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Spondilitis for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

However sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles of the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm, and youthful. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

Per Pot - - 1/- ; Large Pot - 2/- ; Large Tube 9d. ;

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.



AT THE CASINO.

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naide. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the World. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.
BARBARA: Oh, Darling! Do tell me what it is.
SHEILA: I asked her hair-dresser this morning, and he told me it was a cream called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses soap for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.
BARBARA: That's wonderful! I shall not rest until I have got some.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF DOGE CREAM.
For a sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. D.S.), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.